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HARVARD
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Monologues, Epigrams, Epitaphs and Parodies

Compiled and arranged

BY

J. F. HARTMAN

NEW YORK

GEORGE SULLY & COMPANY

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PROLOGUE.

Friends of the Muse of Comedy
In merry conclave gathered,
To shoot at Care the arrows keen
By Wit and Satire feathered,
This Volume to each archer true
Presents a well-filled quiver;
We've only to select our shafts,
And at the mark deliver.

Short, therefore, should the prologue be,
The pastime that prefaces,
For "brevity's the Soul of Wit,"—
Long stories cause long faces.
So, as good subjects of King Fun,
And foes to phizzes solemn,
We'll make the words of greeting brief,
And push along the column.

Away with melancholy, then,
Mirth's budget lies before us,
And laughter, to its every hit
Shall improvise a chorus.

WOMAN.

I see they've got the noiseless baby-carriage. All we need now is the noiseless baby. Have you noticed how the women are invading the different professions? We have women lawyers, women doctors, women chiropodists and the next thing you know we'll be having women policemen. Now, can you in the wildest flights of fancy imagine an old maid cop? If she did arrest a man would she take him to the station house? (I can't wait.)

I have often wondered why women don't go to war as they did when Rome was mistress of the world. There are two women to every man in the United States to-day and Congress should pass a law compelling all old maids to go to war. If they escaped the enemy's bullets, they should have them shot anyhow. I can't wait. Back to the first subject.

Some people are forever contrasting the status of the European workman and the American workman. Now we all know the American workingman is better off—the earth. When he returns home after his day's labor the American housewife awaits him with a table set with the whitest linen and looks eagerly for his coming—it being pay night. He knocks timidly at the door, (being two dollars short via a pinochle game) and his good wife greets him with a kiss, not knowing the shortage. He kisses his children (and hers too) and looking for a chance for a kick, first, so she will not complain of the shortage, he finds fault with the soup and thereby disturbs the harmony of

the beautiful domestic picture. His wife calmly picks up the plate of soup—and throws it in his face. Back to the first subject.

Dr. Bunyon was telling me the other day of some of the testimonials he has received. One man writes: "My boy took one bottle of your cough medicine. The cough is gone. (So is the boy.") Another man writes: "My mother-in-law took one of your sleeping powders a week ago and she couldn't wake herself. So we waked her last night." A woman writes: "My husband had a cold and he kept getting colder and colder—thanks to your medicine. The only inscription upon his tombstone is his name, but that tells where he has gone. It says, 'John Burns.'" Back to the first subject.

I was riding in a street car the other day. Every seat was taken—and a few watches.

Just then a tramp got on the car and begged the conductor to let him ride free. The conductor was about to put him off, but fortunately John Rockefeller was on the car and he promptly came forward and said, "I'll pay this man's fare." Back to the first subject.

It's all right for us behind the footlights when we are talking to an intelligent audience such as this is here to-night, but Heaven help us on one night stands in New Jersey. I went into a hotel there recently and asked the proprietor if I could have a room. He says, "you can if you wait till some one gets up." Finally, a man came out of his room with his coat covered with feathers. I says, "how do you feel?" He says, "like a bird."

I noticed a sign on the door-mat in front of my room; "wipe your feet;"—nothing about your shoes, I pressed a button that I found on the floor and asked the boy if I could have some blankets on the bed. He said I would have to wait until the horses came home.

I said, "how about sheets?" He said, "you can get them after supper." I asked him to bring me a cigar and he said, "five or ten?" I said, "one!"

—*James Thornton.*

UP TO DATE.

Did you read the paper to-day?

I always like to get up early and get the paper —before the man next door gets up. And I like to read the patent medicine advertisements, like these:

"Dr. Bunco: Before taking your medicine, I had two dogs stolen and my wife ran away. Since taking, I have stopped losing flesh."

"Dr. Bunco: I am a typewriter, young and pretty but my memory is gone. Since taking your treatment, I have never missed a date."

And there are inquiries to the editor, always interesting.

Here is one:

"In escorting a young lady to the theatre, is it proper to wear a cane?"

"No. If you have nothing else to wear, stay at home."

At the time of the last war, my father was the first one to go to the front—window and cheer the

soldiers. He would never turn a tramp away from his door. He'd let him sit there all day. When my father liked anyone, he couldn't do him enough. Whenever he went into a saloon to get a drink, he'd ask everybody, even the bar-keeper. And even then, sometimes he wouldn't get it.

I will now sing you my latest success, entitled "The Old Wooden Rocker." (I made it up out of my own head and had wood enough left to make a table. —*John D. Gilbert.*

PRESS THE BUTTON.

I went to a party the other night. A swell party you know. One fellow took my hat, another fellow took my coat, and some fellow took my watch. A fellow sang "Rock me to sleep," and some one hit him on the head with a rock and he went to sleep.

They had everything at that supper. They had fried ice-cream, and Garfield tea, and Dutch cocktails. Do you know what a Dutch cocktail is? It's a glass of sour beer with a fly in it. Then a girl came in and called for some tenderloin steak. They asked her what part of the tenderloin she wanted, and she said: "a little above thirty-eighth street."

I came home at four o'clock this morning, feeling tired, and I didn't want to wake my wife and so I came in quietly, and went up-stairs and began to rock the cradle. I had been rocking quite a while, when my wife woke up. She said: "How long have you been rocking that cradle?" I said about

two hours and she said: "Well, the baby's here in bed with me."

You know everything now is politics. Everyone is talking about "imperialism" and "expansion," and I want to tell you that I don't believe in expansion. Not that I don't believe that our great American flag is broad enough to cover suffering humanity everywhere, but what's the use of taking China and the Philippines. If we must expand, let's annex Hoboken. We've had the open door policy in China for 10 years and we're worse off than ever. The Kaiser is in the way again. The only thing we can do is to Hock der Kaiser again. Let's pursue a different policy toward the Chinaman. Let us extend to him the hand of brotherly love. Let us rest his heathern head upon our manly bosom and give him a good, stiff punch in the jaw. —*Press Eldridge.*

HIGH STRUNG.

You know I used to be a dry goods clerk. You can't imagine how irksome it becomes to a sensitive nature and to one so highly strung as I am. In fact all my relatives are high strung. I had a cousin who was hanged but he was fortunate in one respect. He escaped the existence of a dry goods clerk. A lady came into the store one day and said to me: "Young man, have you got any kids?" Then a colored woman came in and said: "Could I see your stockings?" "What kind?" I asked. She said: "Flesh colored." I showed her a black pair and she strove to hit me with a stilletto, that she pulled out of her hair.

I went down to Atlantic City with my best girl, this summer. She went in bathing. She weighs 350 pounds. You ought to see her float. She had her feet with her all right. Well, I went down to see her and she was floating along, on the top of the water, her feet high above the tide and a thousand people stood on the shore waving their handkerchiefs. They thought it was a boat race.

One day I went to Washington to see if I couldn't get an appointment from President Roosevelt. Well, he told me there was nothing vacant. I strolled along the banks of the Potomac and I saw the body of a man floating in the river. I recognized him as a watchman in the Treasury building. I hurried to the President, told him of the vacancy and asked for the job. He says: "You're too late. I've just appointed the man that saw him fall in."

The other day a friend of mine went to Coney and took a dip. I asked him how he found the water and he said: "Easy enough. It was all around the island."

It's bound to occur—a tin can to a yellow dog's tail. —*George Thatcher.*

ON THE JUMP.

"I have been living in one of those lively Western towns where everything is on the jump. They don't waste any time out there. Why, they appoint a receiver before they issue the stock. And it is not unusual for a man to give his wife an alimony check for a wedding present. My wife wanted to live there. She said that we could rise

with the town—and we did. We rose in Nebraska and came down in Illinois.

I went into business in the West. I invented a patent skirt to enable women to get off a car properly. I sold two in three years and then busted.

"I then came to New York and endeavored to work up a practice as a divorce lawyer. I took an office in a sky-scraper on the eighteenth floor. That's where I went to the bad. It's an odd woman, who can't change her mind fourteen times in going up seventeen stories. A woman comes into the building with her mind made up to get a divorce. She takes the elevator to my office and by the time she gets to the fifth story, she thinks of how good he used to be to her. At the tenth story she thinks she'll give him another trial and at the fifteenth she decides to buy him a gold watch charm. At the sixteenth she gets out and I never see her.

"I occupied a position once for a short time in the information bureau at the Grand Central depot. One day a sad-faced man asked me the best way to go to Pittsburg. I said, 'dead if possible.'

"Then an old woman came up and said: 'Can I take a sleeper to Philadelphia?' I says, 'you can if you want to, but the town is overcrowded with them already.' She wanted to know what the fare was to Sing Sing and I told her I supposed it was same as last year—bread and water.

"A woman came in at 10:45 one night with a little boy and as she had to wait some time for a train she got the little boy to sleep by telling him a good-night story about Adam and Eve. She told

him how they took away one of Adam's ribs and created Eve. The little boy fell asleep but in a little while he awoke with a pain in his side.

His mamma asked him what the trouble was, but the little fellow didn't seem to know. She insisted upon ascertaining the difficulty and the boy finally looked up into her face and between sobs said: "Oh, dear me! I guess I'm going to have a wife."

"A prepossessing young widow erected a costly monument to the memory of her late husband upon which was inscribed these beautiful words: 'The light of my life has gone out.' In a short time she married again and the inscription now reads: "The light of my life has gone out—but I have struck another match.'

"The first time I appeared on the vaudeville stage in Chicago, I asked the manager how he liked my act. He said, 'I'm sorry, Mr. Bell, but I didn't see it. Of course if it pleases the patrons of the theatre, it pleases me.' He then suggested that I go out in front of the theatre and hear what the audience said about the turn as they came out. So I went out in front at the corner of the alley and waited. Pretty soon, three gentlemen came out. One of them said, 'did you hear Bell?—what did you think of him? Well, just as he started in to tell him, a policeman came up and said: 'If you're going to use any such language as that. you'll have to go up the other end of the alley." —*Digby Bell.*

WHAT HE SAW.

I went over to Washington a few days ago and visited the halls of Congress. I got there just in time to hear the chaplain deliver the opening prayer. Now most people think he prays for the congressmen, but he don't. No, indeed. He just looks that crooked bunch over and prays for us poor suckers they are trimming every day. Only a few centuries ago people believed the world was square. Can you imagine it? Now everybody knows it's crooked. There are men in public office to-day who are so crooked they could hide behind a corkscrew.

"A number of years ago when I was newer to the business of making people laugh than I am now, I was a member of a minstrel company which was, to say the least, fierce. We encountered business that was pretty nearly as bad as we were, and the ghost failed to walk for many moons. The manager of the show was what we call in New York 'a Johnnie Wise,' and when he found he had no money to pay salaries, he began fining the members of the company to such an extent that they had nothing coming to them when pay day rolled around. He soaked it to everybody but me, for I had gotten next to his scheme and had been particularly careful not to deviate even a little bit from the straight and narrow path, and as a result the manager was extra vigilant to find some pretext on which to fine me. Finally he found it. During the show I had to sing two songs and chose 'The Lighthouse by the Sea' and 'Over the Hills

to the Poorhouse.' That was the manager's chance. He fined me a week's salary for telling the business we were playing to and for giving the route of the show away."

"Once upon a time I was given a counterfeit $5 bill and it caused me a great deal of worry. Sometimes I would think it was good and be almost tempted to pass it, and then again I would think it was bad and would resolve to destroy it. Thus I wavered for weeks between love and duty so to speak until at last I did the right thing. I waited until the day for thinking it was good came around and a rube got it."

"Down in Richmond last summer, I chanced to wander down to the river James one day, and saw there seated on an old pier an aged darky fishing. "What kind of fish are you catching, uncle?" I asked him. "I calls dem Baptist fish, boss," replied the negro. "Why do you call them Baptist fish?" I inquired. "Kase dey gits bad so soon aftah dey cums out ob de wattah," replied the old man. —*Lew Sully.*

ITS UP TO YOU.

Do you know that I had the pleasure of stopping in Lincoln, Nebraska, once? I went up to the hotel and I asked the clerk what the rates were. He said: "Four dollars up." Oh, well, you know I want a special rate. I'm a professional man—an actor. Oh, an actor? Well, it'll be four dollars down. I was all tired out so I went upstairs to bed, but I couldn't sleep. No matter how hard I tried I couldn't get to sleep. When I came down

stairs in the morning, the proprietor said, "What's the matter? You don't look well." I said: "I didn't get any sleep last night. I was troubled with insomnia." The proprietor says: "You're a liar. I'll give you five dollars for every one you found in that bed."

Well, there was a Rube in the office, who thought he'd have some fun with a newsboy, so he called him over and asked him if he had to-morrow's newspaper. The boy said no, that he had sold them all out the day before yesterday. It's funny how quickly they do run off these newspaper editions, though. When I awoke at five o'clock this morning, they were calling out, "last edition of the Evening *Journal*." Well, this Rube still thought he'd have some fun with the newsboy, so he told him he'd give im ten cents to go and wash his face. So the boy went over and washed his face and the Rube said that he would keep his word and reached down for the dime but the newsboy told him to keep it and get his hair cut.

Well, Rube wanted to play a game of billiards and so I said that I would play with him. I asked him if we should play for a little money on the side and he said no, that he never gambled. Well, I finally agreed to play him for the drinks for the crowd. I asked him how many points he wanted to play and he said he didn't know anything about points. He said: "I'll play till I get tired." Well, I won position and missed the first shot and left 'em bunched for the Rube. He made a couple of shots and left 'em bunched for me. I said: "I'll now show you how to play this game." He said: "You needn't mind. I'm tired."

The other day I went to the races. I saw a sign which said; "take these cars to the race track" and at the track was a sign, "leave cars here for the race track." They don't want you to take anything back. Speaking of signs, I saw one the other day which read; "bathing suits reduced." Well I've seen several bathing suits which wouldn't stand much reduction. I was standing on the beach one day last summer when I saw a vision of loveliness enter the bath-house. She was the possessor of an exquisite form and her curves were a marvel. I said to myself: I'll stand right here and feast my eyes on this Venus when she comes out attired for a dip in the briny. Well pretty soon she came out and say, she had dwindled down to a blue streak. As I stood rudely gazing at her she observed my interest and freezing me with a haughty stare she said to me: "Rubber!" "Yes," said I, "I thought so."

—*George W. Day.*

THE JUDGE AND THE BIRD.

I went into the country last summer on a vacation and the little birds sang so merrily under my window every morning that when I left, I went out and thanked them for the beautiful melodies which had rendered my visit so enjoyable. While I was making my speech to the birds, the landlord came out. "I hope," said he, "you don't think those birds were singing for you." "Why, of course I do," said I. "Certainly not," said he, "those birds were singing for me." At that I began to get angry. "Well, I know they were sing-

ing for me and I want you to keep still," said I. "You're a liar," said he, "those birds were singing for me." Well, with that we got into a fight and we were both arrested and brought before the Judge. The Judge fined us ten dollars apiece. As the Judge was counting the money, he said: "I want you both to understand that those birds were singing for me."

—*Lawrence & Harrington.*

DEFINITION OF A KISS.

A kiss is an insipid and tasteless morsel, which becomes delicious and delectable in proportion as it is flavored with love.

A thing of no use to one, but much prized by two.

The sweetest fruit on the tree of love. The oftener plucked the more abundant it grows.

The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the parent's benison and the hypocrite's mask.

That which you cannot give without taking, and cannot take without giving.

The food by which the flame of love is fed.

The flag of truce in the petty wars of courtship and marriage.

The acme of agony to a bashful man.

The only known "smack" that will calm a storm.

A telegram to the heart in which the operator uses the "sounding" system.

"Nothing divided between two."

Not enough for one, just enough for two, too much for three.

The only really agreeable two-faced action under the sun, or the moon, either.

The sweetest labial of the world's language.

A woman's most effective argument, whether to cajole the heart of a father, control the humors of a husband or console the griefs of childhood.

Something rather dangerous,
  Something rather nice,
Something rather wicked
  Though it can't be called a vice.
Some think it naughty,
  Others think it wrong,
All agree it's jolly,
  Though it doesn't last long.

A kiss from a pretty girl is like having hot treacle poured down your back by angels.

The thunderclap of the lips, which inevitably follows the lightning glance of the eyes.

A report at headquarters.

Everybody's acting edition of "Romeo and Juliet."

What the child receives free, what the young man steals and what the old man buys.

The drop that runneth over when the cup of love is full.

That in which two heads are better than one.

—Fred Nilbo.

TOO DEEP.

I am going to ask the gentlemen to follow me and the ladies—if you dare. But bless them, there's no getting along without them. A friend of mine asked me what a Hebrew sport was and I told him about Jake Cohen who went to the races and won 35 cents and was tickled to death.

Do you know what a Hebrew short cake is? Well, it's two matzohs with radishes in between. Ain't that a fine delicatessen dish?

Isadore Rosenbaum went into the catfish business down on Cherry street. Among his customers was a miserly fellow named Cassidy, who wouldn't settle. When his clerk told him about it, Rosenbaum said, "what kind of a letter did you write?" The clerk told him, and Rosenbaum said: "That's no kind of a letter to write," and sat down and wrote the following:

"Mr. Cassidy. Who bought that bill of goods of us? You. Who promised to pay in sixty days? You. Who's a dirty loafer? Yours truly, Isadore Rosenbaum."

Isadore failed in business and called a meeting of his creditors and agreed to settle for ten cents on a dollar. But one Yankee declined the offer. So Rosenbaum said: "I'll make you a preferred creditor." But the Yank was still dissatisfied and kept hanging around, and said: "Where does the preferred creditor come in?" "Don't you see," said Rosenbaum, "you know now that you get nothing and the others have got to wait thirty days before they know they get nothing."

My son Ikey is a lucky boy. He swallowed a silver dollar and two years after the doctor cut him open and took out $1.12 (interest for two years.)

I asked a German friend of mine if he ever heard the story of the three eggs, and he said: "No," and I said: "well, that's two bad." Then the German went home and told his wife Liza that he had a jim dandy of a story, and she said: "What is it?" He said: "It's a story about three eggs, two of 'em were rotten." "I don't see anything funny in that," and he said: "I didn't either, but it will come to you in two or three hours."

A lady went into Whooper Up and Co., to buy her little boy a pair of shoes, and a fresh youth sauntered up to wait on her and, looking at the boy, said: "French kid?" "None of your d—— business whether he's French or Irish, I want to buy a pair of shoes for the little boy."

Do you know what a jubilee is? When people have been married twenty-five years it's a silver wedding; fifty years it's a golden wedding. When the old man dies it's a jubilee.

An Irishman got in a cable car the other day with a pipe in his mouth and the conductor said: "Don't you see that sign up there, 'No smoking allowed?'" He said: "Why don't you put out the lamps, then?" "How about that sign up there—'Smoke Virginia Bright'? It's enough to make a man bug-house." Then the conductor says: "But you've got your pipe in your mouth."

"Yes, and I've got my feet in my boots, but that's no sign I'm walking."

A man was going in a saloon when a minister came along and said: "Don't go in that saloon! Don't you know that the devil is with you?" "Well, if he is he'll have to buy his own drink."

—*Loney Haskell.*

LOST AND FOUND.

"I went abroad yesterday. I went to Newark. Then I got on a boat and came back to America. I was on my way to my hotel—I stopped at the 'Broken Home'—when I stepped on a dog that the motorman forgot to run over. I thought at first I'd keep him but three children came up and they each asked me to give him the dog. So I said, now boys, I'll tell you what I'll do. You tell me what you are going to be when you grow up to be men, and the one that gives me the best answer shall have the dog. So I said to the first little boy, what are you going to be? 'A Republican,' said he. Why? said I. 'Because my father was a Republican.' The second little boy said that he was going to be a mugwump because his father told him he could play both ends against the middle. I said to the third little boy, What are you going to be? 'A Democrat,' said he. Why? said I. 'Because I want the dog,' said he. And I gave it to him.

"But I like New York. It's just as quick in spots as any place. They're going to let us walk across Broadway after a while—as soon as the

street car companies get through using it. The Eighth Avenue line, though, is the swell line to ride on. Your only chance of getting anywhere is when the conductor is hungry or the motorman's got a date. You get in and hand the conductor your money and he pulls a rope delicately that connects with the register. This register reads 'Up' for uptown, and 'D' for downtown. When you see both 'up' and 'down' on it, it indicates how much the conductor gives up to the company, and how much he knocks down for himself."

"The other day Maloney's mother-in-law died and went to heaven. I've heard Maloney tell her to go to—Harlem at times. Well, Maloney went to a saloon keeper and told him of his bereavement and asked him to lend him six dollars for funeral expenses. The saloon keeper went to the cash register and told Maloney he was sorry, but he only had $5.40. 'Well, give it to me,' said Maloney, 'and I'll take the other sixty cents in drinks.'" —*James J. Morton.*

FACTS AND FANCIES.

While coming from Philadelphia the other day I overheard two dudes talking about their jobs. One of them had been a counter jumper in a department store and told some interesting experiences. When he first went to work there, they put him in the drug department. A consumptive came in with a terrible cough. He was walking slow but he was going fast. He said: Young man, do you keep the best of medicines here?" "You

can get no better," replied the clerk. "Well, if I can get no better there is no need of my buying the medicine," responded the man with the cough. The boss was standing near by and immediately transferred him to the shoe department. An old Irishman came in with a boy and wanted a pair of shoes. "French kid?" asked the clerk. "No, ye dom fool, Irish," replied Pat. Then they put him in the hat department and a Dutch woman came in with a small boy. "I vant for a hat," she said. "Fedora?" asked the clerk. "No, for Heine." What kind of a hat do you want?" he asked her. "I vant for a hat that vill suit his head," she replied, and he gave her a soft hat. Then they put him in the notion department, and a young lady came in and blushingly admitted she wanted a pair of garters. What kind? he asked. Rubber, she replied. If I do I'll lose my job, he replied, and then he lost his his job right away.

In the next seat sat two drummers, and they were telling about the hotels they had stopped at, and one of them spoke of the St. Regis in New York. He said he arrived in New York one morning very hungry, being on the train for twelve hours without any food, as it was a fast train, and really needed a square meal, but he didn't have the money to spare. He only had $3,000 with him, so he went up to the St. Regis and got a cup of coffee. On the way up he asked the car conductor, "Do you stop at the St. Regis?" "On $12 a week? I guess not, he replied, I just

hurry by. He said it was the only hotel in the world where the guests and the waiters change places each year. This year's guests are next year's waiters, and vice versa. When he got to the hotel he went into the café and saw the waiters all sitting back in their easy chairs smoking good cigars. One of them sent his valet up to see what the visitor wanted and he took a couple of dollars away from him and then went back and reported him a "live one," so the waiter came up and asked what he would have. "Do you serve lobsters?" he asked. "Yes," said the waiter, "what will you have?" He ordered a sirloin steak with green peas and when it came he could see nothing but two peas on the plate. "Where is the steak?" he asked. "Under the left hand pea," replied the waiter.

—*George Evans.*

NOT GUILTY.

I was married once, but I was pardoned by the divorce court. It was the same old story, too much dry goods on her part and too much wet goods on mine.

I have been told that some day I might be president of the United States, but that will never be —I'm a democrat.

My brother was a great artist and was thinking of coming to New York to paint some of the society ladies faces, but I advised him not to. They all paint their own faces.

I was sick one time and unable to appear. My

face was swollen up until it was a sight. My manager came to see me and said I must appear as the people were crazy to see me. I told him they must be.

The comedian came to me one night and said: "My head is on fire." I told him I thought I smelt punk burning.

Some years ago I played in Philadelphia with a very bad show. It was the limit and nothing but the high price of eggs saved us. During the first night's performance a man who had been drinking heavily dashed out for more booze the moment the curtain fell on the first act, and when he sought to return the door-keeper denied him admission telling him that he was drunk. The blear-eyed fellow gazed at him in astonishment and then exclaimed "Drunk? Course I'm drunk. You don't imagine a sober man would want to look at the rest of that show, do you?" —*Nat Wills.*

THOSE WERE HAPPY DAYS.

The first time I ever sang a sad ballad, was this afternoon. I didn't know how it would go, so I asked the stage-manager to stand in the wings and tell me if it would do. So he did. He said: "That'll do." In fact, I had just about reached the third line, when he said, "That'll do." It was an awful sad song. It was so sad that a man in the audience tried to commit suicide while I was singing it. He shot at himself twice, but he missed himself and the bullets came right by my head.

I saw an advertisement from Hammerstein the

other day, saying that they wanted a good act to close the show. So I asked Mr. Proctor if he would recommend me and he said that he would. He gave me a letter to Mr. Hammerstein and it read like this: "I can recommend Charlie Case to you. If you want your show to close, hire him."

If there's any place in the world I like it's California. And the people there liked me. They said they wished I would stay forever. When I got ready to go away, the paper printed the following notice about me: "Charley Case closed his engagement at the Orpheum theater last night and leaves for the East to-day. We would like to have him stay forever." They liked my father too. Father was only there a few months and they thought so much of him that they tried to have him settle there. In fact for a long time after my father left, he used to get letters asking him to come back and settle.

I was engaged to a young lady once and I thought I'd tell her about it. I was engaged to her but she didn't know it. You see, the way I knew about it was this: A fortune teller said that she was indifferent to me, and I knew right away it was Miss Thompson for I had spoken to her several times on the street and she never took any notice of me. Well, one day I saw her at the circus and I thought I' propose to her. The circus was crowded and I had to stand up, but from where I stood I could see almost as well as if I was inside the tent. Well, I asked her if she'd marry me, and she said she wouldn't wipe her old shoes on me. I saw I had her, so I thought I'd

speak to her father. I told him that I had spoken to his daughter and that she had said that she wouldn't wipe her old shoes on me. "Well," said he, "I'll wipe mine on you." So I started to run up an alley. It was so dark I couldn't see two feet ahead of me. But I saw one foot behind me. I couldn't locate it only every once in a while. Then I'd say, "there it is now!"

Now you know my father is a very curious man. He's always looking for information. If he sees anything in the street he always wants to stop and examine it—tobacco, or anything. Well, one night we were coming home in the dark and we made a cross-cut through a neighbor's yard, and father stooped down and picked up something, and when we got home, where it was light and we could examine it, we saw it was an armful of wood. Well, this neighbor had been losing a good deal of wood and he accused father of stealing it. As if father would steal his wood when we had a cellar half full of it.

You know my brother Hank and I slept in the next room to father, and there was only a thin partition between. Well, one night father thought he heard burglars in the house, so he rapped on the partition and said, "Boys, I think there are burglars in the house, go downstairs and see if you can find them." I said: "father's speaking to you Hank," but Hank said he hadn't lost any burglars and for me to go down and find them. Well, Hank and I finally went down but we couldn't find any burglars, so we went down to the police station and I told the police that there were

thieves in our house, and they said, "yes, we've been onto it for some time." The police told us to go back home and when we got there, the thieves would be there.

Now my brother Hank was arrested once, and everybody thought it was funny because father was so honest. Folks said that father was as honest as the sun. Father used to tell us stories about his killing panthers out in the Rocky Mountains. I never disagreed with father. Hank disputed him once and lost two teeth and so I always believed everything he said. Well, father used to kill a panther every five minutes, and the way he used to kill them was this: He used to grab the panther by the tail and head and break his spine. Well, one day father and I were out in the woods and we discovered a panther 10 feet long. His front teeth were out, but some of them were only out about five or six inches; so, when father saw it he said, "is it a horse?" and I said, "no, it's a panther. Now you break his spine father." But father said, "no, it may belong to some poor man's family, and I'm not going to do it." I said, "that don't make any difference, you break his spine and I'll go home and tell mother to start a fire to cook him." "No," said father, "I'll go and tell her just how I want him cooked and I see it's going to rain and I'm going to run."

My brother Hank and I joined a theatrical company once, and we had to sing a song. When we got through, the audience made an awful racket and I asked the stage-manager if they wanted us back. "Yes, back here," said he. Well, when the

show was over the manager said to us, that a large portion of the audience was waiting for us at the stage door with clubs. So, Hank says to me, "if we go sneaking down there they'll think we are afraid of them, so we'll just walk boldly out this side window." When we got to the depot I sent Hank out to get enough cigars to last us on the trip. In a little while he came back with both hands full—a quarter a piece. One of them was nearly whole. Hank is a good judge of cigars, although nobody ever told him anything about it. He just picked it up, himself.

One day my father decided that he wanted to buy a dog. So he went to a dog fancier, and the dog fancier explained to him about the different breeds, the setter, the pointer, the Newfoundland, the St. Bernard, and in fact the whole nine breeds, and told him that every one of the nine breeds was worth $100. Well, father bought a dog from a tramp for five dollars, and from what the dog fancier had told him about the value of every breed I knew the minute I saw him that the dog was worth $900. Well, I thought I would teach the dog some tricks so I held my foot up and told him to jump over it. He seemed to catch on right away. Well, father saw he was a bright dog so he took him out in the yard to teach him some more tricks. When I came out, father was hanging onto the limb of a tree and the dog stood under him, with his mouth open ready to catch father and break his fall in case he happened to let go. I said to father, "you're getting along splendidly with him, he can walk on his hind legs already."

I knew the dog had a good pedigree because I heard father explaining it to him while he was hanging by the limb. —*Charlie Case.*

INQUISITIVE.

I knocked at the door of a farm-house to-day and a matronly looking blonde came to the door. I said: "Have you a good square meal to give a hungry man?" She said: "Yes, and he'll be home at 6 o'clock to eat it."

I then went next door to another farm house and said to the woman who came to the door: "Madam, is your husband at home?" She said: "Yes, sir; he's out in the barn with the cattle." I said: "Shall I have any trouble in finding him?" She said: "I think not; he's the only one with a beard."

I went to the dentist's the other day and he asked me whether I would have my teeth filled with gold or a preparation. I said: "I don't mind if you put in some corned beef and cabbage."

As I was going down the street this morning I came to one of those saloons where they charge fifteen cents for a drink of whiskey. I knew I must have it, or die, and I had just three cents in my pocket. So I braced up and went in. There was a fellow standing at the bar who had just ordered and I said to him: "I'll bet you three cents to nothing that I can drink that whiskey without it touching my throat." He took me up. I drank the whiskey and said: "I lose. Here's your three cents." —*Nat Wills.*

ON TIME.

The other day I was waiting for the train to come along and so I played myself a game of poker. I stacked the cards on myself and I never suspicioned myself until I looked at my hand. I had two deuces. Two dirty deuces. Well, just then the train came along and the engineer asked me what I had. I told him, two deuces. He said, "Good! You beat this train."

I asked a railroad man one day what time I could catch the 4:30 train as I didn't want to lose it. He said, "go home and go to bed. You can catch it any time you want to." I got the train and it was an awfully slow train. I complained to the conductor about the slowness of the train and he said if I didn't like it I had better get out and walk. I said, "I would, only the folks won't expect me until the train gets there."

In the seat in front of me sat a mother and a fat boy—a very robust boy. She offered the conductor a half-ticket and the conductor said, "that boy is too big to ride on a half-ticket." "Well," said the mother, "he wasn't that way when he got on."

In the seat behind me was a man 89 years of age. He had a long grey beard—knit it himself—of wire work. But he had no hands. I said to him, "where did you lose your hands?" He said, "between the baggage-car and the engine." I said, "were you employed on this road?" He said, "I was newsboy on the train, the trip before this." I asked what he was doing now and he said he was short-hand writer for the road.

Just then an old lady—65 years old—came along selling newspapers. She told me she took the old man's place. She said to me, "don't you want to read to-morrow's paper just to pass away the time?" I told her no that I'd read it yesterday.

Then a man got up and pulled the bell-rope. The conductor started for him. "What do you want?" he said savagely. "I want some water," said the man. "Well," said the conductor, "there's plenty of water over there in the corner. This rope runs to the engine." "I know it," said the man, "I want hot water."

That was an awful rough road that train ran over. It was up and down, all curves and inshoots. I noticed a sick lady on the train and I said to her, "madam, you're too sick to be riding on this train." She said, "Well, I wouldn't be here, only the doctor advised me to take a sea voyage. Why that road was so rough that it jolted $8 out of my pocket that I never had. But all of a sudden I noticed the jolting ceased and we seemed to be running quite smoothly. I asked the conductor to explain it and he said, "we're off the track now." —*Billy Van.*

HOTEL ETIQUETTE.

In the hotel café one evning I met an actor and another man without money, whom it seemed to me I had known before. I asked the actor what had changed him so and he told me he had stopped drinking. Then I asked him if he wasn't lonesome since he cut out booze, and he said "Yes, I

don't see half the people I used to." When I got up to my room I found the chambermaid had not dusted the bureau off, so I called her in and wrote my name on the top of it. She grinned and said, "yes you write very nice, an education is a great thing." The next room was occupied by a "southern planter" an undertaker from Louisville. He was a noisy man and used to come up to the room and throw his shoes down so hard that he awakened me. Finally I spoke to the proprietor about it and he asked the man not to make so much noise with his shoes. Well the next night he came up to the room soused as usual and taking off his shoes threw one of them down just as hard as usual, waking me up. Then he remembered what the hotel proprietor had said to him about it and taking the other shoe off very quietly he laid it under the bed. Of course I didn't know this so I laid awake an hour and a half and then I rapped on the wall and as I afterwards discovered woke him up—and asked "Say when are you going to take off that other shoe?"

—Marshall P. Wilder.

FATHER.

"Father dear" that's what they call him on Saturday night when he's due to hike home and hand over the cash. All the rest of the week he's "the old geezer" or "his nobs."

I was in a home the other night, and over the parlor door saw the legend worked in letters of gold. "What is home without a mother?" Across

the room was another brief. "God bless our home."

Now, what's the matter with "God bless our Dad?" He gets up early, lights the fire, boils an egg, grabs his dinner pail and wipes off the dew of the dawn while many a mother is sleeping. He makes the weekly handout to the butcher, the grocer, the milkman and baker, and his little pile is badly worn before he has been home an hour. He stands off the sheriff and keeps the rent paid up.

If there is a noise during the night, dad is kicked in the back and made to go down stairs to find the burglar and kill him. Mother darns the socks, but dad buys the socks in the first place and the needles and the yarn afterward. Mother does up the fruit; well, but dad buys it all, and jars and sugar cost like the mischief.

Dad buys chickens for the Sunday dinner, carves them himself and draws the neck from the ruins after everyone else is served. "What is home without a mother?" Yes, that is all right, but "What is home without a father?" Ten chances to one it's a boarding house, father is under a slab, and the landlord is the widow. Dad, here's to you. You have got your faults—you may have lots of them—but we will miss you when you're gone.

This reminds me of the question of the kindergarten teacher to her class—"What animal supplies food, and leather for your shoes?" and the reply of the bright little boy—"Father.")

—*Lew Hawkins.*

TROUBLES.

"Maybe you think I'm happy."

"I got the bad luck. I join me last vinter a lodge. I get seven dollars a veek ven I'm sick an' I can't get sick."

"The only thing I ever get me is dyspepski. I drank a pussy-cat cafe. The doctor came in my house and say I shall get him a paper and pencil to write de prescription. I gouldn't find the baper and bencil but I find a piece of chalk. He say 'nefer mind. I write it on de door an' ven you find the paper and pencil you shall copy it.' He told me I shall bring it to the drug store an' get de prescription. I give him a dollar an' he say, 'good-bye.' I think to myself how I shall get the prescription. I don't read nor write. I shall not expose me my ignorance. So I get the screw-driver and take the door off and bring it in the drug store and tell the druggist he shall give me for five cents the prescription. Shure!"

"To-day I saw a ole voman, 60 years of age, jump right in front of a car. I give her a pull and save her life, and she say I'm a hobo. Oh, how she thank me. She say, 'I'll take you home with me,' and I valk on de street mit her. Efery-body laugh. Dey think I got de mash. Ven ve get to her house she set me down in de parlor and she say, 'I introduce you to my son-in-law Mister Villiams.' Und she say, 'Mister Villiams, dis is Mister Jacobsohn. He safe me my life to-day from gettin' killed by the car.' He look at me all ofer and he say, 'oh, is that so?' Then he say,

'are you the fellow what save my mother-in-law?' I say, yes sir, and he say, 'come into the front room. I vant to haf a dalk mit you.' I vill nefer safe anoder life."

"De oder day I vent to de Grand Central depot and I lay me a fife tollar bill on de shelf and say I vant a ticket for Yonkers. He say, 'excursion?' I say, no; funeral. Ven I got to Yonkers I vent to de cemetery to visit my brother's dead grave. I kneel down on de grave and I pray and cry for two hours. Den, I look at de names on de graves and I see me de mistake. I vas grying two hours for nothing. Ven I find de right grave I shall cry all over again. I vent to the janitor of the cemetery and I ask him: vere is my brother buried? He say, 'how long he has been dead?' I say, six months. He say, 'vat is his name?' I say Nathan Jacobsohn. He say, 'vat did he look like?' I say, he is de picture of me. He say, 'impossible. Anybody that looks like you ought to be dead longer than six months.'

"I live no more vid my wife. She got jealousness. She make me that I shall give her money efery week. I vell remember ven ve got married. I vore a stove-pipe hat and a clean white shirt and a collar—clean. My vife vore a taffy silk skirt an' a nice vaist. All open work. You can look inside. Here is a piece of lace. Here is a hole. Here is another piece of lace. Then, you vait a minute. Here is two holes.

"De oder night I vent to see 'Ten Nights in a Bathtub.' It's a sensationals play like Saphy. Only nobody gets carried up de stairs. But a fel-

ler gets kicked down stairs. Vell, a pistol shot makes de baby cry and de usher gomes down and says, 'if dat baby cries again, go outside und get your money back.' De next night ve go to another play, und I say, Rachel, do you like de play? she say, 'no, that's a humbug.' I say, stick a pin in the baby."

"Vell, von night I go the theatre und I get a seat on a ladder, and two fellers gomes on de stage and shake hands. I dink dey is goot friends. Pretty soon they begin to fight and for nothing. Some feller calls out, 'punch him in the bread basket.' Another feller says, 'hit him in the upper cuts.' I hollers out, 'hit him in the kishkers.' A feller who sat next to me got excited and kicked me. He ask me who I think shall vin de fight. I tell him I don't know and ask him who it is. He says, 'why Terry McGovern. He'll knock his roof off and if he don't I'll knock yours off.' He says, 'I bet you two dollars to one that McGovern wins.' I say, no. He say, 'I bet you five dollars to one.' I say, no. He says, 'I bet you fifty dollars you don't know you're alive.' I vas afraid to bet.

"Vell, I came out from the theatre and I vent into a beer saloon on the corner and I laid a twenty-five cents piece on the counter and I says give me a nice, large glass of beer, I got dry in the neck. I vait for de change an' I no get him. I dink dis mus' be a high-toney place. Den I say to the bartender, didn't you forget something? He said, 'yas, I forgot more than you ever knew.' I say, I gif you a quarter. He say, 'you gave me a nickel.' I say, you're a liar. Oh——h. The

minute I say, you're a liar, I got such an upper-cuts. I vent out to the street an' I see a big feller standin' on the corner. I say to him, do you vant to make a dollar—cash? He says, 'it's a pipe.' I say, come in de saloon and punch a man in de eye. He says, 'all right.' So, I give him right avay in his hand the dollar und I bring him in the saloon. He says, 'vere is he?' I showed him the bartender an' the big feller says, 'did you hit him?' He says, 'yes, an' I'll hit him again.' An' he kept his vord. The big feller says, 'I'll dare you to hit him once more.' I vished he hadn't dared him. Vell, vat do yer think the big feller says? He says, 'come on, don't spend another nickel in de joint.'"

"The other day I got me arrested and I vent to jail in the 'Black Maria.' Von feller in de carriage says to another feller,' hello, there! Cock-eye Mulligan, how long you get dis time?' Dis time! Vell, Cockeye says, 'two years an' six months.' 'For why?' says the feller. 'For nothin,' says Cockeye, 'de judge ees a stiff.'" I say to Cock-eye, for nothin' you get two years an' six months. He says, 'yes, I stuck a knife in a dago's heart.' Another feller says, 'hello, there, Jimmy! gimme a cigar.' He say, "all I got is a butt.' He says, 'sling it over 'till I take a vhiff.' The feller that set next to me in the carriage was cryin'. I says to him, vat are you cryin' fer? He says, 'don't bother me or I'll knock your block off.' I says, how much did you get? He says, 'I got ten years.' 'I says, for nothin' too? He says, 'no, I tapped a guy on the nut with a sand-bag and took his clock.' He says, 'did you ever get a tap on the nut?' I

says, no. He says, 'Vell, you keep on chewin' de rag to me an' you'll get it.'

He say to me, 'how long you got?' I says, ten days. He says, 'vat are you kickin' about? that's sleepin' time.' Ven ve got to de jail de keeper says to me, 'what are you here for—bigamy?' He knows I'm a nice lookin' feller. He takes me in his private office and he takes in his hand a pen, and he has a book to write in an' he says, 'what's your name?' I think to myself I vill nefer tell him my name in a hundred years. He says, 'answer quick, what's your name?' I says, Isaac Fitzpatricks. He says, 'say, you're a fresh mug. Don't make any funny cracks 'round here or I'll sink one of your lamps.' Von of the fellers whispered to me, 'he's all right; he's a good feller, but you want to tell him he's daffy.' So, I says, you're daffy. 'Oh,' he says, 'I am, am I? Vell, in ten minutes after I voke up.

"De other day I thought I vould take a Turkish bath, but the man was going to charge me a dollar. I said, that's too much, an' he said, 'I'll sell you 12 tickets for $10.' I said, vat do you take me for? How do I know I am alive 12 years.

"The other day my friend Rosenski took his boy in a restaurant to get a bowl of soup. Jakey commenced to eat, and he grabbed his father's arm an' says: 'papa, there's a fly in der soup.' Rosenski says, 'eat der soup and vait till you come down to der fly, tell de vaiter and he'll give you another bowl for nothing.'" —*Joe Welch.*

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The subject of my discourse this evening will be transcendentalism or should married men work. Or, perhaps you would best appreciate something in a lighter vein so I will descent upon this question: "What shall we do with our new possessions —when we get them?" We are the greatest country in the world to-day. We have the finest navy —chewing or smoking. Our steamships carry the biggest loads and so do our sailors—and some of our actors. We discovered electricity. At first we thought it was a great thing but we soon made light of it. We have the prettiest women in the world, but some of them are not so pretty as they are painted. We have the finest men in the world. They are men you don't meet every day. Some of them only come out at night.

A great many people think that Columbus discovered this great and glorious country for the Spaniards. He didn't do any such thing. He discovered it for the Dutch and the Irish. The Dutch settled the country and the Irish settled the Dutch. But, after all, the real people are the Hebrews. No wonder they are called, 'the children of the get-dough.'

And now we are on the eve of a great political election. The democrats cry: 'Down with the trusts!' The republicans cry: 'Down with free silver, free lunch, etc.' The prohibitionists cry: 'Down with whiskey!' I am a prohibitionist, for once I get whiskey down I don't want it to come up. And then we have the issue of capital and labor

and I tell you the man with the hoe will always have trouble with the man with the dough. And before we have better times we'll have to wait till Bryan is elected—and its not going to be an awful long wait. Now it makes no difference to me who gets in. I get mine. The other day William Chinnings Bryan was talking to a farmer about the gold question, and he asked him if he had ever bought a gold brick. 'No,' said the farmer, 'but I'm saving up.'

But all the heroes don't go to war. Look at Dr. Munyon, who says: 'The man who takes my medicine will not take any other.' Here are some of the testimonials he has received. 'Dear doctor: when I began taking your medicine I could see but little, now I can see my finish.' Here is another: 'Dear doctor: you told me to take one pill three times a day. I took it once but I couldn't get it up again.' Another man writes: 'Dear doctor: I still stick to your porous plaster.'

One evening while touring New Jersey, where the average citizen's bump of intelligence is a dent, I entered a hotel. The accomodations were so poor I asked the landlord if there were no other hotels in the town. 'Yes,' replied he, 'there is one on the next corner, but the proprietor has gone West for his liver.' 'Why,' said I, 'have you no butcher shops here?' I suppose he went East for his lights. Well, I went into the dining room for breakfast and the waiter said: 'What'll you have, steak or coffee?' I asked him if he had any eggs and he said that he had some nice farmer's eggs. I asked him if he hadn't any hen's eggs and he

brought me two—boiled. I opened one of them. He asked me if he should open the other. I told him no, to open the window. He asked me if the eggs were not cooked long enough, and I told him I thought so, but they weren't cooked soon enough. Then I called for a lobster and he brought in the boss. I complained to him about the eggs and he said: 'Don't talk to me. I'm not the hen.' I said: 'Well, you own the place, don't you?' 'Yes,' said he, 'I own the place but I don't eat here.' Well, haven't you any toothpicks?' I asked. 'No,' he replied, 'I had a few, but the boarders took 'em away and never brought them back."

—*James Thornton.*

SAD, SAD SANDS.

Now the merry maiden goeth forth
In gala day array,
To all beside the crested wave
And with the sea shells play.

She takes off her dainty slippers
And her carmine-tinted hose,
And wades into the water
For to bathe her pretty toes.

To-night up in her chamber there—
Not haunted by repose—
She wonders where she got them all,
The freckles on her nose.

—*H. S. Keller.*

THE FORTUNE THAT FAILED.

When Johnny Smith escaped from college
His head was jammed with gilt-edged knowledge
He knew how business should be done,
How politics could best be run.
He'd learned nine hundred different ways
Of getting rich in thirty days;
But now, by some unlooked-for freak,
He's yelling "Cash!" at six per week.

ADVICE TO A DRAMATIST.

Your Comedy I've read, my friend,
And like the *half* you've pilfered best;
But, sure, the Drama you might mend;
Take courage, man, and *steal the rest!*

FEELIN' CRISP.

Put some white sand on de flo'—
What dat fiddler gone?—
Said I wouldn't dance no mo',
But—Winter comin' on!

There was a small boy of Quebec,
Who was buried in snow to his neck;
When they said, "Are you friz?"
He replied, "Yes I is—
But we don't call this cold in Quebec!"
—*Rudyard Kipling.*

SOMETIMES LUCKY.

"A railroad accident is what
"I always fear and dread,"
Thus spoke the maiden to the youth
As on the engine sped.

"Nay, dear, it is not always so,"
Replied the gallant swain,
"For it was through an accident
We met upon the train."
N. Y. Herald.

NATURAL TRANSMUTATION.

"The house a lawyer once enjoy'd,
Now to a smith doth pass;
How naturally the *iron age*
Succeeds the *age of brass!*"

THE SUMMER EX-OWED-US.

In exodus of Summer days
The dude departs in pleasant ways;
But does forget
To our regret,
The X-owed-us he never pays.

He is the chap improvident
Who, when his sheckles are all spent,
Then cometh he
For double V,
To help him in his X-igent.

This excellent young man's intent
Of payment seems most evident;
But I'd be glad
If I but had
Again that vanished X-I-lent.

TOO WITTY TO BE PRIZED.

"They say I am a wit," quoth she,
"Yet spinster I have tarried.
The girl who's quick at repartee
Seems slow at getting married."

"BUTTING IN."

There was a young man in Calcutter,
Who was famed far and wide as a butter;
He butted right in
To the high social din—
And they carried him home on a shutter.

EVER TRUE.

"Thus Adam looked, when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven.
Like him I go, but yet to go am loth;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine is more unkind;
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."

Man wants but little here below
Some simpleton's device,
He wants a lot and too you know,
He wants it on the ice.

AT AUCTION.

I'm in the Hymeneal market,
Who will buy?
I am sweet and shy, but mark it,
I come high.
I am young—just raising twenty—
Blessed with charms a gracious plenty.
Comme au fait, chic, gay and dainty,
Young and coy.

I can grace the gay cotillion,
Hear my cry.
I am worth at least a million,
Who will buy?
In the ball-room, life and action;
At the play, all the attraction,
With the prima, all distraction
I outvie.

Going to the highest bidder,
Who will buy?
Going—going—pray consider,
Passing by.
Though you are not young or clever,
I will love you, now, forever;
If you're wealthy, others never
Need apply.

SPEAK TO PA!

The maid fell overboard one day;
The boat was far from land;
Her frenzied lover cried, "Oh, pray,
Pray, love, give me your hand!"

The maid betrayed no silly fear,
But murmuring said, "Oh! la,
You ask me for my hand, George, dear,
You first must speak to pa."

WE STILL RETAIN THE CUP.

O, Johnny Bull is very full
Of schemes to beat us sailing;
But Jonathan is just the man
To make them unavailing.

We give the slip to Johnny's ship,
And teach him navigation;
Since fore and aft the Yankee craft
Is made of "Innovation."

His "nibs" content with precedent
Makes ships which ever fail him,
But Jonathan has just the plan
Of vessel to outsail him.

The Britons take the Yankees' wake
In spite of all endeavor;
Still beaten, he will always be
A Briton large as ever.

CITY LOVE.

In making love let poor men sigh,
But love that's ready-made is better
For men of business;—so I,
If madam will be cruel, let her.
But should she wish that I should wait
And miss the 'Change,—oh no, I thank her,
I court by *deed,* or after *date,*
Through my solicitor or banker.

THE PROFESSOR'S PIGGIE.

Said a dainty professor of Latin,
Who dressed his pet piggie in satin:
"If I'd teach her to speak
In Norwegian and Greek,
Do you think she'd be easier to fatten?"

HE WENT ASHORE.

One day while the squadron lay off the shore
In holiday dress from hull to truck,
And the officers togged in gold galore
Showed the visiting crowd about the deck,
A youth, as in nervous dread and fear,
Approached the captain with trembling lip:
"Oh, Captain, I must get away from here
Quick! Right away I must leave the ship."

"What's the trouble, my lad?" said the captain gruff,
To the trembling youth at his side,
"I asked if duffers made sailor's duff,
And if salt horse was easy to ride?"
The captain was carried below in a faint,
And the tars charged the youth once more;
Ten bold marines held the crew in restraint
While the youth was taken ashore.

—*E. R. C.*

NOT THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Alas!" the troubled damsel cries,
Who stood upon a bridge of size—
  One of fair beauty's daughters—
"Alas—nay, not that lass of yore
For I"—but here she said no more,
  And dove down to meet the waters.

"Great heavens!" next hear the startled cry,
"Where is the bridge and where am I?
  So lately pressed by fate;
I'm out of bed—oh, ho, I see;
No more mince pie at night for me,
  It don't assimilate."

"TWO OF THEM."

BY ROYAL.

SAID country-Jones to city-Brown
As they were driving up to town,
"We've got a *son and heiress.*"
Now Brown was somewhat of a snob;
He tried to paint,—he could not daub,—
He'd also been to Paris.

So now he saw a chance to show
The little learning he did know.
And with a pompous air,
He set his back on his head,
As with a knowing wink, he said:
"You mean a *son and heir.*"

Young Jones was rough, but he was keen,
Tho' Brown had taken him for "green,"
But now he had his "*ins;*"
He tipped his hat, just as had Brown,
And said with wink that shook his crown:
"Oh, no, my friend, *it's twins!*"

THINK IT OVER!

"And the best and the worst of this is:
That neither is most to blame,
If you've forgotten my kisses,
And I've forgotten your name—"

MOCK MODESTY.

Modest maidens everywhere,
While on the city's street,
Would rather get their dresses wet
Than show their pretty feet;
But down at the seashore,
(Your pardon we do beg),
Don't like their bathing costume
If't don't show a yard o' limb.

CONSOLATION.

The chap who cannot get a belle
Whose maiden name is Sal,
Goes quickly to the wet-goods store,
And orders home a gall.

SWEET LAVENDER.

There was a young man in Podunk,
Who once tried to capture a skunk,
The skunk got away,
And that young man to-day
Has his clothes camphored up in a trunk.

SHE KNEW HIM.

She sat beside me at the play
In all her girlish loveliness,
While in the box across the way
A dowager in gorgeous dress

Sat, while the diamonds glittered bright,
On wrinkled neck and shoulders bare;
"Ah, were those gems my own," I cried,
"I'd find for them a place more fair."

"Sweetheart," I whispered, need I tell
Where I would have those gems repose?"
She faltered not (she knew me well),
"Why, with your uncle, I suppose!"

It was a cold and wintry night,
A man stood in the street;
His aged eyes were full of tears,
His boots were full of feet.

HIS FLEET.

"Of all the fleets that sail on the sea,"
Said the devil to his pal,
"The emigrant fleet is the fleet for me,
And I am its admiral."

HOME, SWEET HOME.

A company wrecked at Monclair,
Vainly skirmished around for fare;
Being left on their suppers,
Started home on their uppers,
But still are quite far from the Square.

CAN'T LOSE HER.

There is an old woman named Boyle,
Who's living on cod-liver oyle;
Though she looks like a phantom,
She's the pluck of a bhantam,
And vows she won't "shuffle the coyle."

A LITTLE MORE CIDER.

There was an old maid of Oneida,
Who screamed at the sight of a speida;
She would kick at a lamb,
And run wild from a ramb,
But fearlessly tackle hard ceida!

PROTECTIVE TARIFF.

He read to her the latest news,
And said he "didn't care if
She would just express her views
To him about the tariff."

Her little hand in his she laid,
Then said with sweet inflection,
"I have no use, dear, for 'free trade'—
What I need is 'protection.'"

WHAT NEVER?

He was a genial, smiling man,
And fond of whiskey plain,
But when he joined the temperance club,
He never smiled again.

SHOW YOUR FIGURE.

"Mother, may I go to skate?"
"Yes, my darling Julia,
But don't you try the figure 8,
For it will surely fool you!
Just as you make the lightning whirl
To show your springy muscle,
The boys will see a foolish girl,
Sleigh-riding on her bustle."

ADVICE.

If your foot is pretty, show it;
If your cash is plenty, go it;
If your horn is noisy, blow it—

Snow is white and coal is black,
If your pants are loose, pull in the slack.

REAL ESTATE.

For sale:—a lot in Betty's heart,
But recently vacated;
(The former owner having been
By Dun too poorly rated).
Location fine; adjoining lots
All owned by persons wealthy;
Exposure northern; not too cold
For incomes strong and healthy.

For sale:—a lot in Betty's heart,
Most carefully restricted;
(The former owner tried to build
From plans that much conflicted!)
A bargain most unusual;
All millionaires or other
Prospective purchasers apply
To Betty or her mother.

SEALING AN OATH.

"Do you," said Fanny, t'other day,
"In earnest love me as you say;
Or are those tender words applied
Alike to fifty girls beside?"
"Dear, cruel girl," cried I, "forbear,
For by those eyes,—those *lips* I swear!"
She stopped me as the oath I took,
And cried, "You've sworn,—*now kiss the book.*"

CROSS PURPOSES.

She prayed for snow, that she thereby
Might have a sleigh ride with her swain;
And when the clouds o'ercast the sky
He prayed as ardently for rain.

CONVERSATIONAL.

Said Bluster to Whimple, "You juvenile fool,
Get out of my way, do you hear?"
Said Whimple, "A fool did you say? by that rule
I'm much *in your way* as I fear."

THE CLOCK'S ADVICE.

Master, behold me. Here I stand
To tell the hours at thy command:
What is thy wish 'tis my delight
To serve thee both by day and night.
But Master, be wise and learn from me
To serve thy God as I serve thee.

MATRIMONY.

"My dear, what makes you always yawn?"
The wife exclaimed, her temper gone,
"Is home so dull and dreary?"
"Not so, my love," he said, "Not so;
But man and wife are *one*, you know;
And when *alone* I'm weary!"

DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever wake to consciousness
Of bliss?
When the maiden fair was willing
To bestow the pleasure thrilling,
In a moment's taste of heaven called
A kiss?

Did you ever urge a maiden
To confess?
When the coy, evasive glances
Held the sweetest of romances—
Every sigh and every quiver
A caress?

Did you ever feel the terror
Of a doubt?
And the subsequent beguiling
When assurances of smiling
Put the peace-disturbing traitors
All to rout?

Did you ever meet an obstacle
So sad?
When the angel sweetly heeding
The existence of your pleading
Supplemented—you had better
Call on dad?

THEIR FATE.

In a speech that was neat,
Said carrot to beet,
"With you, my dear friend, I'll be frank;
There may be delays,
But some of these days,
We'll both be surprised by a yank."

AT CARDS.

In desperation dire, he cried—
"You've beaten every game!
Put up your heart and let me try
If I can win the same."

"High stakes, indeed!" she said, and dealt
The cards with merry zest.
He won the game—and glad he felt
(But she didn't play her best).

THE LITTLE NIPPER.

Jack Frost is but a drunken wretch,
As everybody knows,
Or ought to know, because he takes
A nip where'er he goes.

A SEASIDE INCIDENT.

She stood and watch'd the troubled deep,
With its approaching tide;
And saw its angry billows sweep
O'er banks of sand, till leap by leap,
She found them at her side.

And as she gazed with solemn dread,
Sad thoughts came through her brain:
How many in that ocean's bed,
That once were gay, lie stiff and dead,
Who sailed that stormy main.

How many, homeward bound to greet
  The friends they dearly love,
Have found a grave where salt waves beat,
Their only hope that they would meet
  Those friends again above.

'Twas thus she mused, until the tide
  With its incessant roar,
Had hemm'd her in from side to side,
And as she could not there abide—
  She had to wade ashore, with the blooming dog under her arm, and she swears she'll never monkey with the Atlantic Ocean any more.

OUT OF SPIRITS.

"Is my wife out of spirits?" said John with a sigh,
As her voice of a tempest gave warning.
"Quite out, sir, indeed," said her maid in reply,
"For she *finished* the bottle this morning."

TWO CONTRACTORS.

To gull the public two contractors come,
One pilfers corn,—the other cheats in rum.
Which is the greater knave, ye wits explain,
A rogue in *spirit,* or a rogue in *grain?*

THE SAME MAN.

In my travels I have noticed that the man who wants the earth,
And who pulls and hauls and elbows in to get the lower berth,
Is the same who always tells you, with his overflowing love,
That the atmosphere is better in the other berth above.

A REASON FOR RUNNING AWAY.

Owen Moore has run away,
Owing more than he can pay.

AN AU REVOIR.

Love and a stork they met one day.
"Love," said the stork, "oh, whither away?
Why hurry, and hurry, and hurry so fast?
Is time so pressing that work won't last?
Oh, whither away and where is the place?"
And Cupid swift pointed, and turned his face,
And away he sped, and the stork cried clear:—
"I'll see you later, my Cupid, dear."

A MERRY THOUGHT.

They cannot be complete in aught
  Who are not humorously prone;
A man without a merry thought
  Can hardly have a funny bone.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

Fine feathers may not make fine birds.
  There's some discussion on it.
But none will doubt these truthful words:
  "They make a stunning bonnet."
High-priced they all are, whether
  On brim or side or crown;
So while the wives praise the feather,
  Their husbands call it "down."

WHEN FIRST I GAZED.

When first I gazed upon her face
And felt its captivating grace,
Beheld the peril in her eyes
The veiling fringe could not disguise;
To lead astray the guardian will
And set each trembling sense athrill;
I thought the ransom of a year
For one sweet hour were not too dear.
For unrebuked those lips to press,
To feel what drooping eyes confess,
To tremble in her glances sent,
In pleasant mad bewilderment.
Oh, well, such things are not to be,
For gold to dross will not adjust;
She turned her head and winked at me,
And changed my lovely dream to dust.

—*C. M. S.*

RUNNING NO RISK.

"I'm very much surprised," quoth **Harry,**
"That Jane a gambler should marry."
"I'm not at all," her sister says,
"You know he has such *winning ways!*"

TOO GOOD.

To fast and pray we are by Scripture taught:
Oh could I do but either as I ought!
In both, alas! I err; my frailty such,—
I pray too little, and I fast too much.

THE MITTEN.

In later years the fair young maid
  Who did not like a beau
Dispelled his hopes and sent him off
  By saying firmly, "No."

To-day the maiden, when resolved
  To make a lover quit,
Looks calmly at his eager face
  And gurgles softly, "Nit."

A TRUE PROVERB.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,
  Weep, and you weep alone,
This grave old earth, must borrow its mirth
  It has troubles enough of its own."

THE MONKEY'S SOLILOQUY.

What an aggrevation 'tis
  Just to be a monkey;
I would rather, if I could,
  Have been born a donkey.
When I hear the silly talk
  Of a man and woman,
And I think how nearly I
  Was created human,
Then I thank my stars, that I
  Even by one link missed it;
Let life's chain remain entangled,
  I'll not help untwist it.

THE GENEROUS FARMER.

A tramp asked a farmer for something to eat
One day as he chanced there to stop,
The kind-hearted farmer went out to the shed
And gave him an axe and feelingly said:
"Now just help yourself to a chop."

EVIDENCE.

At Newport, Narragansett Pier,
Bar Harbor, Mount Desert;
At Casco Bay and Cape Cod, too,
She tarried, did this flirt.

And now you wouldn't dream she's tired,
Excepting as she sings
You might observe beneath her eyes
She has so many rings.

Poor Peter Staggs now rests beneath this rail,
Who loved his joke, his pipe, and mug of ale;
For twenty years he did the duties well,
Of 'ostler, boots, and waiter at the Bell.
But death stepped in, and ordered Peter Staggs
To feed the worms, and leave the farmers' nags.
The church clock struck *one*—alas! 'twas Peter's knell,
Who sighed, "I'm coming—that's the ostler's bell!"

LIGHTNING CHANGE ACT.

By fashion's rule
Upon a mule
She sat one side the saddle;
Soon on a fence
Some distance thence
The mule watched her astraddle.

IS THIS PIE?

There was a young fellow from Me.,
Who courted a maid, but in ve.;
For she kicked when he kister,
And hollered for sister,
And dared him to do it aga.

HER DR.

There was a young indigent Dr.
Called in by a woman named Prr
With a batt'ry he shr.,
Quite senseless he knr.,
Ten plunks was the sum that he sr.

BORROWED BLOOMERS.

"Oh, where is my trousers?" in anguish he cried:
"My new pantaloons, I believe they are gone."
"Oh, no, they're not stolen," his children replied;
"Dear ma has gone out on her wheel with 'em on."

A DILEMMA.

She dropped her little handkerchief—
  There was no man near by;
But a little boy was walking near.
  And at last she caught his eye.

"I wish you'd pick it up," she said,
  With glances coy and tender;
"For should I stoop, I'm so afraid
  I'd break my new suspender."

HIS CONUNDRUM.

"Canst tell me, love," quoth merry Ike,
  While toying with her ring,
"Why is a purse-proud plumber like
  The early bird of spring?"

She softly shook her sheltered head
  That nestled 'gainst his frills,
And he with bold assurance said,
  "Both kill their prey with bills."

HE WENT.

We parted, and I left her at the door;
  She stood and watched me as I went away—
A saddened exile. Had I not been poor,
  I knew full well she would have bade me stay.

It was a painful thought to my sad heart,
  Alas! that woman could such avarice know!
At her unfeeling words I must depart;
  She told me I must pay my board or go.

POOR HUBBY!

"The flowers that bloom on a hat, tra la,
Have nothing to do with the earth,
For they're made by a milliner's girl, tra la,
And the bill makes hubby's hair curl, tra la,
For he's charged fifty times what they're worth."

OUT OF SIGHT.

Mary had a little lamb,
She fed it kerosene;
One day it got too near the fire,
Since then it's not benzine.

I saw Esaw kissing Kate,
The fact is we all three saw,
For I saw Esaw he saw me,
And she saw I saw Esaw.

There was an old man of St. Bees,
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp:
When they asked, "Does it hurt?"
He replied, "No it doesn't,
But I thought all the while 'twas a Hornet!"

—*W. S. Gilbert.*

A GIRL OF THE HOUR.

She wants to be punctual, always on time,
So carries her watch where she goes.
And if you examine her wardrobe you'll find
She even has clocks on her hose.

LEMONADE.

He loitered at the festival,
  A goblet in his fist,
A wishy-washy fluid brimmed
  The marge his liplets kissed.
Quoth he, "I wish that I could get
  A pair of trousers made
For summer wear as thin as this
  Consumptive lemonade.

AFFIRMATIVE.

When Julia was asked if to church she would go,
The fair one replied to me, "No, Richard, no."
At her meaning I ventured a pretty good guess,
For from grammar I learned *No* and *No* stood for
  Yes.

"ALL THE WORLD LOVES A LOVER."

True lovers should not parted be,
  Yet in that cable car
No seats together did they see
  But separate ones afar.
A kindly man hit on a plan—
  Transferred across the aisle—
And basked with modest pleasure in
  The maiden's grateful smile!

BURLESQUE EPITAPHS.

"Jonathan Jenkins is no more:
Anchored on the heavenly shore."

"Rebecca Jones
Has ceased her moans,
And all alone
Her husband groans."

"To him it was not given—
Much earthly real estate,
He left this world for heaven
Just as the clock struck eight."

"Our James has left this world of tears—
Likewise this world of laughter.
He took the doctor's medicine
And died ten minutes after."

"His life on earth
Is done and past,
Married six times:
In peace at last!"

Tip your lid to Jonathan Fox
Shuffled off by the black small pox.

Here lies John Anderson, Provost of Dundee,
Here lies him, here lies He.
Hallelujah, Hallelujee!
A—B—C—D—E—F—G!

Say a prayer for Julia Mack
She sat on the business end of a tack.

Here lies the body of Michael Burke
Who lost his life while dodging work.

I was born in the spring, I died in the fall,
But I won't tell St. Peter, I lived in St. Paul.

This famous painter met his death
Because he couldn't draw his breath.

Gone to join some friends above
Some one who slapped him on the glove.

Here lies a man of pious worth,
He wanted and wish'd he had the earth,
Needless to say he really found it,
He got the earth with a fence around it.
—*S. M. S.*

Say a few prayers for Michael O'Toole
He borrowed a feather to tickle a mule.

In this grave lies buried poor Patsy Mckay,
He called Michael Rooney an old A. P. A.

Off the dock dived brother Jim
And then he found he couldn't swim.

I coughed so hard I used to fall
But now I never cough at all.

Here lies the body of Mary Louder
She burst while drinking a sedlitz powder.

Here lies the body of Roger O'More,
He was my third husband, who'll be number four?

Shed a few tears for Marry Mack
A trolley car hit her a slap in the back.

Here lies the body of Willie Pickens,
Who made his money stealing chickens.

Grieve for Little Mickey Lynch
The undertaker had a cinch.

I had a very healthy face
Until I took a striker's place.

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
St. Peter won't have him so Satan must.

He lived to 105, because he was strong,
100 to 5, you don't live as long.

Here lies the body of Jonathan Pound
Who was lost at sea and never was found.

I used to eat my oysters fried
Until I took a cramp and died.

When you're passing shed a tear
For little Eva's buried here.

Salomon Levy sleeps here in the ground
Don't jingle money while walking around.

"Some have children, some have none
Here lies the mother of twenty-one."

Mamma loves papa and papa loves women,
Mamma seen papa with two girls in swimmin'.

I loved my mother, I hated to leave her
But what can you do with typhoid fever?

Here lies the mother of twenty-eight
There might have been more, but now it's too late.

Mary Burns drank too much coffee
Anno Domini eighteen forty.

The little hero that lies here
Was conquered by the diarrhœa.

Behold and see as you pass by,
What you are now—so once was I
Remember that when this you see,
Prepart for death and follow me.

Weep, stranger, for the father spilled
From a stage-coach and thereby killed.
His name, J. Sykes, a maker of sassingers,
Slain with three other outside passengers.

Get onto the grave of Cornelius Mack
Who croaked himself on the railroad track.

SINCE MARY SOLD HER LAMB.

Since Mary sold her little lamb.
  (A high gear bike to buy.)
For company she takes along
  Her pretty calves so shy.

They travel with her when she spins
  Along the road so fast
While sheep's eyes, by the gay boys, at
  The pretty calves are cast.

She dresses them in red and black—
  Sometimes in golden brown—
Delighted are the boys to see
  Those sportive calves in town.

"What makes my calves so please you boys?"
  Said Mary, blushing red:
"It is because," the boys replied,
  "You keep them so well fed."

—*E. G. H.*

THE DONKEY.

A Ravin' imitation of "The Raven."

Wanst upon avenin' drary, in the town of Tipperary,
As I sat upon me three-legged stool wid the bottle on the floor,
As I sat there, nearly drunken, suddenly there came a thumpin'
As of some one gently tunkin', tunkin' at me shanty door;
"Come out o' that," says I, "and don't be thumpin' at me door—
"Come," says I, and nothing more.

Well—it might have been November, or it might have been December,
I'll be blowed if I remember, but of this we'll have no more.
Cheerily I'd drinked the whisky, and me thoughts a little brisky—
Brisky for me Mary Moore; for the lump of a darlint
That I called my Mary Moore—
Mary, and a little more.

But the thought of that 'ere thumpin' kept me brave heart still a-jumpin'—
Made me feel about as funny as I ever felt before;
So at last, to aise the quakin' of me knees, that kept a-shaken',
I thought I'd go and have a matin' wid the thing forninst me door—

Go and have an honest gratin' wid some feller at me door—
Thought of this and nothing more.

Then I tuk some more good whisky, and I felt a dale more frisky;
"Well, Pat," says I, "Biddy, I heerd ye at the gate some time before;
But the fact is, I was drunken, and so softly ye come thumpin',
And so gently ye come tunkin', that I didn't know that ye were there;
But I'll open of the door"—
Darkness there! and nothing more.

Far into the darkness peerin', there I stood a-wonderin', fearin'—
Thinkin' thoughts I never thought of thinkin' of before.
But the night it was unbroken, and of man there was no token.
And the only word then spoken—*that* I whispered —"Mary Moore"—
That's all I said, and echo murmured—"Mary Moore!"
Murmured that, and nothing more.

Back into the shanty goin', all the time me lungs a-blowin',
Soon again I heard the thumpin' a great deal louder than before.
"Faith," says I, "there's some one at the gate, sir —some one that is pretty late, sir—
May be waitin' for a mate, sir—

But I'll take another swally from the bottle on the
floor—
Drink, and hope for plenty more."

Open wide I threw the shanty, wid the boldness of
a banty,
When in there walked an ugly donkey, wid himself,
his tail before,
Not a single curtsy did he, not a single bellow made
he,
But wid a skip, like Pat or Biddy, got behind me
shanty door—
Behind St. Patrick's statue, behind the statue near
the door—
Got and sot—and nothing more.

And while this ugly baste was sneakin', and from
out me door was peekin'—
Lookin' at me wid a stare that the divil might give
o'er—
" Faith," says I, " ye're not a monkey, though yer
face be mighty spunky—
Ugly-lookin', sneakin' donkey, wanderin' from the
boggy moor—
Tell me by what name to call ye, if ye'd spare a
word or more,"
Says the donkey—" Mary Moore."

Better for that sneakin' varmint had his soul been
born to tormint,
Than to tell me in me shanty the only name I did
adore;
Better be in purgatory, hopin' niver more for
glory—

Thinkin' of it nevermore—
Sittin' on a lump of brimstone 'mid the demons' dreadful roar—
Sit and burn forevermore.

"Faith," says I, "by the Virgin Mary," as I grabbed me stout shillaly,
"I'll tache ye sich a lesson that you ought to have learnt before;
And I'll make ye blate and blubber, and I'll give ye such a rubber
As you'll never think of more—
Give ye sich rakin' thrashin', till yer bones lie on the floor—
Donkey's bones, and nothin' more!"

Thin I hot him such a blow, sir—on the floor I laid him low, sir—
Laid him flat beneath the ceilin' in a manner some call kneelin',
And wid words that had some feelin' said I to him, "Mary! Mary!
Now," said I, "ye will be still, sir, and will say that name no more."
"Mary," said he—and nothing more.

"Faith! I'll make ye stop that 'Mary,' and I'll make ye mighty weary
Wid that little lump of wood that I have hit ye wid before!
Now I'll drive ye to yer den, sir, and I'll make ye say 'Amen,' sir,
Say that word and say no more!"
Thin wid one last kick—"Amen," he said, and nothing more.
Not a "Mary,"—not a "Moore."

Straightway haulin' out this flunky, ugly beast that
men call donkey,
Away into the pitchy darkness many feet from out
me door,
I dug a hole and put him in it, straight to fill I did
begin it,
So that not another minit should be lost his body
o'er.
But before I'd got it done, says the donkey wid a
roar:
"Mary!—Mary!!—Mary Moore!!!

Now I've covered him wid mountains, and I've
drownded him wid fountains,
All to stop his beastly croakin'—but I cannot tell
ye more.
Still his eyes have all their seemin', and he's ever
screamin', screamin',
And his face I cannot banish from the shanty near
the door—
Donkey—beast—or Mary Moore.

—*Anon.*

DER VATER MILL.

I reads aboudt dot vater mill dot runs der life-long
day,
Und how der vater don'd coom pack vhen vonce
id flows avay:
Und off der mill shtream dot glides on so beace-
fully und shtill,

Budt don'd vas putting in more vork on dot same
vater mill.
Der boet says, 'tvas beddher dot you holdt dis
broverb fast,
"Der mill id don'd vould grind some more mit
vater dot vas past."

Dot boem it vas peautiful to read aboudt; dot's so!
Budt eef dot vater *wasn't* past how could dot mill
vheel go?
Und vhy make drouble mit dot mill vhen id was
been inclined
To dake each obbordunidy dot's gifen id to grind?
Und vhen der vater coom along in qvandidies so
vast,
Id lets some oder mill dake oup der vater dot vas
past.

Dhen der boet shange der subject, und he dells us
vonce again,—
"Der sickle neffer more shall reap der yellow,
garnered grain."
Vell; vonce vas blendy, aind't id? Id vouldn't
been so nice
To haf dot sickle reaping oup der same grain ofer,
tvice!
Vhy, vot's der use off cutting oup der grass alreaty
mown?
Id vas pest, mine moder dold me, to let vell enough
alone.
"Der summer vinds refife no more leaves strewn
o'er earth und main."

Vell; who vants to refife dhem? Dhere vas blendy more again!
Der summer vinds dhey shtep righdt oup in goot time to brepare
Dhose blants und trees for oder leaves; dhere soon vas creen vones dhere.
Shust bear dis adverb on your mindts, mine friendts, und holdt id fast,—
Der new leaves don'd vas been aroundt undil der oldt vas past.

Dhen neffer mindt der leaves dot's dead, der grain dot's in der bin;
Dhey both off dhem haf had dheir day, und shust was gathered in.
Und neffer mind der vater when id vonce goes droo der mill;
Ids vork vas done! Dhere's blendy more dot vaits ids blace to fill.
Let each von dake dis moral, vrom der king down to der peasant,—
Don'd mindt der vater dot vas past, budt der vater dot vas bresent.

—*Charles Follen Adams.*

DER MULE SHTOOD ON DER STEAMBOAD DECK.

Der mule shtood on der steamboad deck,
For der land he wouldn't dread,
Dhey tied a halder rount his neck,
Und vacked him over der headt.

Bud obstinate und braced he shtood,
As born der scene do rule,
A creature of der holt-back brood—
A shtubborn, shteadfast mule.

Dhey cursed und shwore, bud he vould not go
Undill he felt inclined,
Und dough dhey dundered blow on blow,
He aldered nod his mind.

Der boats-boy to der shore complained,
Der varmint's bound do shtay,
Shtill ubon dot olt mule's hide
Der sounding lash made blay.

His masder from der shore reblied,
"Der boad's aboud do sail;
As oder means in vain you've dried,
Subbose you dwist his dail,

I dink dot dat vill magke him land."
Der boats-boy, brave, dough bale,
Den near drew mit oudstretched hand,
Do magke der dwist avail.

Dhen game a kick of thunder sound!
Dot boy—oh, vhere vas he?
Ask of der vaves dot far around
Beheld him in der sea.

For a moment not a voice was heard,
But dot mule he vinked his eye,
As dhough to ask, to him occurred,
How vas dot for high?

—*J. S. Burdett.*

BECKY MILLER.

Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!
I don't lofe you now not vone schmall lettle bit,
My dream vas blayed oudt, so blease git up und git;
Your false-hearted vays I can't got along mit:
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Vas all dot young voomans false-hearted like you
Mit a face nice und bright, but a heart plack, und plue,
Und all de dime shvearing you lofed me so, too:
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

You took all de presents vat I did present,—
Yes gobbled up efery blamed ting vat I sent;
All de time mit anoder young rooster you vent
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Vhy, vonce I t'ought you a shtar vay up high;
Und den, for your sake, I vould villingly die.
But oh, Becky Miller, you hafe profed vone big lie:
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Vhen first I found out you was such a big lie,
It hurt me so bad, I t'ought I should die;
But now vas a shange, und I don't efen cry:
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Don't try make pelieve you vas sorry about;
I don't pelieve vone vord vat comes out by your mout;
Und pesides I don't care, for you vas blayed out:
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

—*Anon.*

"SELLA DE BANAN."

The shades of eve were growing bright
Beneath the street's electric light,
When on the pensive air there rung
The accents of a Dago's tongue,—
"Sella de banan!"

He had a queer ram-shackled cart,
And all day long he stood where bart-
Ter 'mid the throng raged fierce and high,
And yelled to all the passers-by,—
"Sella de banan!"

His face was of the chestnut's hue;
A bunch with either hand he drew
And wildly thrust beneath your nose,
Still crying, tho' your ire arose—
"Sella de banan!"

"Go!" shouts a big policeman there,
"Git from this corner, or I'll bear
You off to decorate a cell!"
Still rang that persevering yell,—
"Sella de banan!"

He bribed that big policeman there
With two bananas plump and fair!
And still in sweet security
He sang out with Italian glee,—
"Sella de banan!"

Some of them picked were over-ripe,
Others were of a pea-green stripe;
He trimmed for the former ones to suit,
Still bellowing about his fruit,—
"Sella de banan!"

At last there came along a team,
It heeded not that Dago's scream,—
Smashed him and cart in smithereens!
His ghost now yells, 'mid other scenes,—
"Sella de banan!"

—*Anon.*

SHAKESPEARE'S DREAM.

To Be or Not To Be, that is the question,
Like Hamlet, I once made this suggestion,
As out upon the street I walked, I met a dog,
I raised my arm to strike it,
When a voice cried hold!
I answered, As You Like It.
While walking on, a loving pair I met,
I soon discovered it was Romeo and Juliet,
Next came Othello, and his friend Iago, too,
Which brought to my mind the Taming of the Shrew.
Two Gentlemen from Verona, dressed in their best,
Got a good drenching, having been caught in the Tempest.
They sat down by my fire, hung their clothes upon a nail,
And while they were drying, they told of a Winter's Tale.

They stayed until the Twelfth Night,
Untid the Storm had ceased its terrors,
They made Much Ado About Nothing,
Which proved a Comedy of Errors,
Next came Shylock, demanding a pound of flesh
for his treasure,
When Macbeth cried, lay on,
You shall have Measure for Measure.
The Merry Wives of Windsor
Entered without fear,
Followed by Richard, John, Henry and King Lear,
Anthony and Cleopatra arm in arm drew near,
When Cariolanus shouted, Julius Cæsar.
Methought Love's Labor Lost, but ere I could tell,
The crowd shouted, All's Well That Ends Well.
When I awoke from my sleep with a start and a
dream,
And found it was nothing but a Midsummer-
Night's Dream.

—*Anon.*

DER PLUMBER.

Who ish dot fellow so right abused,
Who scharge for shtuff he never used,
Who, ven he dies, von't get excused,
Der plumber.

Who always 'round mine house does shneak,
Mit mine big servant-girl to schpeak,
Who dells her make his tam bipes leak,
Der plumber.

Who send his man mit poy und pag,
To shtick on led mit a leedle rag,
And drives around mit his fast nag,
Der plumber.

Who, ven there's nottings wrong at all,
Says dot der leak's inside der vall,
Who says, py gosh, your house vill fall,
Der plumber.

Who to his workingman he says,
Yust dake your time, dot Dutchman pays,
Who make dot shob last dirty days,
Der plumber.

Who schwears he put in forty feets
Of bipe, dirty-nine foot scheats,
Who ish der meanest kind of beats,
Der plumber.

Who, ven he sents me in his "bill,"
Who makes it 'boud four bages fill,
Who cleans me out my grocery till,
Der plumber.

Who gots a mortgage on mine schtore,
Mine house—vell, he gots two before,
Who soon vill kick me oud my door,
Der plumber.

—*Anon.*

BETSEY UND I HAFE BUST UP.

Parody on "Betsey and I are Out."

Draw ud der bapers, lawyer,
Und magke dhem awful blain,
So dot ve don'd kin have to spell dot out,
Und wride dot offer again.
Und shling dot ing oud awful dhick,
Und fill der baper ub;
'Cause dhings at home vas inside owat,
Und Betsey und I have bust ub.
Vat's der matter? dot's vat I don'd kin dell,
Efer since dot ve vas only vonce
Ve got 'long puddy vell.
I gife her eferydhing dot she vants,
Und I dry to do vat's righdt;
But of I vant to life mit dot olt
Voman, I hafe got to learn how to fight.
So I hafe chined mit Betsey,
Und Betsey hafe chined mit me:
Und ve hafe bode made ub our minds
Dot ve kin neffer agree.
She says dot I better imigrade,
Vell, I dhink myselve dot's besd;
So I back ub my Saratoga
Und go mit der Mormons oud vest.
Der first dhing I remember aboud
Dot ve had a shtew,
'Twas, she vanted to go to a bicnic,
Und I didn't vant her to.
Id vas vone off dhose brewery bicnics,
Vhere I myselve had been pefore,
Und vhere eferybody got so organized

Dot dhey couldn't got drunk any more.
Und der nexd dhing I remember aboud
'Twas ven she proke my lager stein
Dot I had mit me for many years,
Und brought from Oberlein Stein.
I dolt Betsey dot she vas clumsy,
Dot she did nod do vat vas righdt.
So help me gracious, lawyer, she bead me
Mit dot glub till I vas as plack as plue as vhite!
So draw oud der bapers, lawyer,
Und magke dhem big und tall,
Dot oud of eferydhing dot I hafe got
She can'd hafe any ad all.
For I hafe vorked for id hard myselve
For mony und mony a year,
Und efery sent dot olt voman can freeze to
She gone shpend for lager bier.
But dhere vas dwo or dhree fife-cend pieces
Dot I managed to pud avay.
Dot vas down in der Union Drust Co.,
But I don'd pelieve dot'll bay.
Put on der bapers, lawyer,
Dot oud of dhose fife or dhree,
Eff she kin got dhem I gif her haf—
Dere ain'd noden mean aboud me;
Und vonce vhen I had der jim-pams,
She nefer vould gome to der bed,
Und I vas seeing shnagkes und kiddencads,
Und I didn't know vat I said;
Und vhenefer she gome to mofe me
She'd handle me awful rough;
Und vhenefer she'd gife me dot boregaric,
Id vas alvays der wrong stuff.
So draw oud der bapers, lawyer,

Und I'll go straight avay,
  Und dell dot olt voman off mine
Shust vot dhose bapers say,
  Bud I don'd gomplain off Betsey
Off she'd only quiet down,
  For vhen she'd got her mad ub
She gould glean oud all der town.
  Und dhere is vone dhing more I can vish her,
Is dot she keeb avay from me;
  Und of efer she got anudder husband,
Dot he vas so shtrong like she—
  Und ef I ken be his neighbor-in-law,
Und hear der rows dot dhey kick ub,
  I'll invide him oud, und dell him how
Betsey und I hafe bust ub.

—*J. S. Burdett.*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Id was droo der sdreeds of Fredericksdown;
Der red-hot zun vas shine him down.

Bast der zaloons all filt mit bier,
Der rebel vellers valked on dier ear.

All day droo Fredericksdown so fast,
Horses and guns, and sozers bast.

Der rebel flags he shone him out so bridt,
As if, by Jinks! he got some ridt.

Vere vas der Onion flag? Der zun
He look him down not on a vun.

Up jumped dot olt Miss Frietchie den,
Zo oldt by ninescore years and ten.

She grabbed up der old flag der men haul down,
And fasen'd id quick by her nidtgown.

Den she sot by der vindow ver all could see,
Dere vas none vot lofe dot flag so free.

Purty soon come ridin' up Stonewall Jack,
Sittin' from der mittle of his horse's back.

Under him brow he squint him's eyes,
Dot flag! Dot make him great surprise.

Halt! each feller, make him sdill!
Fire! vas echoed from hill do hill.

Id busted der sdrings from dot nidtgown,
But Barbarie Frietchie, she vas around.

She grabbed the flag again so guick,
Und oud of the vindow her arms did sdick.

"Obuse if you would dis olt bald head,
But leave alone dot flag!" she said.

Zo soon, so guick as Jack could do,
He holler him oud mit a face so blue:

"Who bulls a hair oud of dat bald head
Dies awful guick. Go aheat!" he said.

Und all dot day, und all dot nite,
Till efery rebel vas oud of site.

Und leave behind him dot Fredericksdown,
Dot flag he vas shticken by dot nidtgown.

Dame Barbarie Frietchie's vork is done,
She don't forever get some fun.

Bully for her! und drop a tear
For dot old vomans midout some fear.

—*Anon.*

PADDY'S VERSION OF "EXCELSIOR."

'Twas growing dark so terrible fasht,
Whin through a town up the mountain there pashed
A broth of a boy, to his neck in the shnow.
As he walked, his shillalah he swung to and fro,
Saying, "it's up till the top I'm bound for to go
Be jabbers!"

He looked mortial sad, and his eyes was as bright
As a fire of turf on a cowld winther night,
And divil a word that he said could ye tell
As he opened his mouth and let out a yell,
"It's up till the top of the mountain I'll go,
Onless covered up wid this bothersome shnow,
Be jabbers!"

Through the windows he saw, as he thraveled along,
The light of the candles and fires so warm;
But a big chunk of ice hung over his head.
Wid a shnivel and groan, "by St. Patrick!" he said,
"It's up till the very *tip-top* I will rush,
And then if it falls it's not meself it'll crush,
Be jabbers!"

"Whist a bit!" said an owld man, whose head was as white
As the shnow that fell down on that miserable night;
"Shure ye'll fall in the wather, me bit of a lad,
For the night is so dark, and the walkin' so bad,"
Bedad! he'd not lisht to a word that was said,
But he'd go till the top if he wint on his head,
Be jabbers!

A bright, buxom young girl, such as like to be kissed,
Axed him wadn't he shtop, and how *could* he resist?
So, snapping his fingers and winking his eye,
While shmiling upon her, he made this reply—
"Faith, I meant to kape on till I got to the top,
But as yer shwate self has axed me I may as well shtop,
Be jabbers!"

He shtopped all night and he shtopped all day,
And ye mus'n't be axing when he *did* go away;
Fur wouldn't he be a bastely gossoon
To be lavin' his darlint in the shwate honey-moon?
Whin the owld man has peraties enough and to shpare
Sure he moight as well as shtay if he's comfortable there,
Be jabbers!

ONLY A PIN.

A TALE WITH A POINT.

Only a pin—yet it calmly lay
On the carpeted floor in the light of day,
And shone serene and clear and bright,
Reflecting back the noonday's light.

Only a boy—but he saw that pin,
And his face assumed a fiendish grin;
And he slyly stooped with look intent,
Till both he and the pin alike were bent.

Only a chair—yet upon its seat
That well-bent pin found safe retreat,
Nor could the keenest eye discern
That heavenward its point did turn.

Only a man—but he chanced to drop
Upon that chair, when—bang! whiz! pop!
Like the cork from a bottle of champagne
He bounded up from that chair again.

Only a yell—but an honest one;
It lacked the remotest idea of fun,
And man, and boy, and pin, and chair
In close communion mingled there.

Only the pin—out of all the four,
Alone no traces of damage bore;
The man was mad and dreadfully sore,—
And he lathered that boy behind and before,—
The chair lay smashed upon the floor,
The seat was not hurt—but the *boy's* was raw.

DER PATTER OF DER SHINGLES.

Vhen der angry passions gaddering in my mudder's face I see,
Und she leads me in der pedroom, shendly lays me on her knee.
Den I know dot I vill catch it, und my flesh in fancy itches,
As I lisden for der patter of der shingle on my breeches.

Efery tinkle of der shingle has an echo und a shding,
Und a dousand burning fancies indo active being spring,
Und a dousand bees and hornets nead my coatdail seem to schwarm,
As I feel der patter of der shingle, oh, zo varm.

In a shplutter comes mine fadder—whom I supposed had gone—
Do survey der skiduvation, und dell her do lay it on,
Do see her bending o'er me as I lisden do der strain
Blayed by her and by der shingle in a vild und weird refrain.

In a sudden indermission, vich appears my only schance,
I say, "Shtrike shendly, mudder, or you'll shplit mine Sunday pants;"
She shtops a moment, draws her breath, der shingle holds aloft,
Und says, "I had not thought of dot—mine son, shust dake dem off."

Oh, lofeing, tender mercy, cast dhy pitying glances down;
Und dhou, oh, vamily doctor, put a good, soft boultice on;
Und may I mit vools und dunces afderward commingle
If I efer say anudder word ven my mudder wields der shingle.

THE CHINESE EXCELSIOR.

That nightee teem he come chop-chop
One young man walkee, no can stop;
Maskee snow, maskee ice;
He cally flag wit'h chop so nice—
Top-side Galah!

He muchee solly: one piecee eye
Leekee sharp—so fashion—my;
He talkee large, he talkee stlong,
Too muchee culio; allee same gong.—
Top-side Galah!

Insidee house he can see light,
And evly loom got fire all light,
He lookee plenty ice more high,
Insidee mout'h he plenty cly—
Top-side Galah!

Ole man talkee, "No can walk,
Bimeby lain come, velly dark;
Have got water, velly wide!"
Maskee, my must go top-side,—
Top-side Galah!

"Man-man" one girlee talkee he:
"What for you go top-side look—see?"
And one teem more he plenty cly,
But alee teem walk plenty high—
Top-side Galah!

"Take care t'hat spilum tlee, young man,
Take care t'hat ice, must go man-man."
One coolie chin-chin he good night;
He talkee, "My can go all light"—
Top-side Galah!

That young man die: one large dog see
Too muchee bobbly findee he,
He hand b'long coldee, all same like ice,
He holdee flag, wit'h chop so nice—
Top-side Galah!

DRAW POKER.

To draw, or not to draw, that is the question,
Whether 'tis safer in the player to take
The awful risk of skinning for a straight,
Or, standing not, to raise 'em all the limit,
And thus, by bluffing, get it. To draw—to skin;
No more—and by that skin to get a full
Or two pair, or the fattest bouncin' kings
That luck is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To draw, to skin;
To skin, perchance to bust—ay, there's the rub!
For in that draw of three what cards may come,
When we have shuffled off the uncertain pack,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
Which makes calamity of a bob-tailed flush.
For who would bear the overwhelming blind,

The reckless straddle, the wait on the edge,
The insolence of pat hands, and the lifts
That patient merit of the bluffer takes,
When he himself might be much better off
By simply passing? What would trays uphold,
And go out on a small progressive raise,
But that the dread of something after call,
The undiscovered ace full, to whose strength
Such hands must bow, puzzles the will
And makes us rather keep the chips we have
Than be curious about hands we know not of
Thus bluffing doth make cowards of us all.
And thus the native hue of a four-heart flush
Is sicklied with some dark and cursed club,
And speculators in a jack-pot's wealth.
With this regard, their interests turn awry,
And lose the right to open.

SCHLOSSER'S RIDE.

A PARODY ON "SHERIDAN'S RIDE."

Righd from der front one putiful day,
Bringin' der rear some fresh dismay,
A frightened sendinel broughd der news
(He looked as if he vas scared like der doose,
Der vay he kigged his legs so loose),
Delling der rebels were coming aheadt,
"Und shooting like hell," dot's vat he said.
De gallant soldiers, I hafe no doubd,
Ad dis schweed news mid joy should shoud,
Bud as der news vas spread aboud,

Do dell der druth, dey looked down in der moudt,
Exbecially von boor Dudchman dere,
Who, when he heard der guns in der air
Almost did durn himself gray hair.
Pore Schlosser didn't like id ad all,
Do gid himself gud mid a cannon-ball.
Und dalk as you may, dot Dutchman vas righd—
In a baddle it's petter do bin oud of sight;
Do been shod und exploded dot ain't much fun,
So long as you hafe any chance for do run.
Und as dose shells did bust around,
Und knocked der soldiers on der ground
Exbloding mid a gentle sound,
Dot Schlosser quick made ub his mind,
De first goot horse dot he should find,
He'd ride avay as quick as der vind,
Und leaf dot battle far behint.
Und soon he finds him schblendid horse,
Und chumbs on him midoud some pause;
Den shburs his side mid his big heel,
Und gallobs from der baddle-field.
Dere is a road righd near dot schbod,
A first-rate road for a horse do drod,
Und dere dot frightened Schlosser rides,
Und kigs der poor horse in der sides,
Und schreams so much at him besides;
Der drees, der road, dey bass like a schod,
Fadigue und exbosure dot cubble feel nod,
Dey vish to get only avay from dot schbod.
Doo-forty dot horse he goes flying avay,
Der hills rise and fall, und Schlosser is gay,
'Cause he is more as fife miles avay.
Shdill der hoofs of dot old nag
For even a minute did never lag;

He strained him efery shdrengtd he god,
Und Schlosser, as he on him sod,
Vas heard to laugh in a cholly vay,
'Cauce how he vas den miles avay.
Und shdill old Schlosser pushed him aheadt,
"I feel quite bedder now," he said,
Und his face god back ids natural red;
But nod a minute did he stay,
Und soon was dwenty miles avay.
So goot dot horse his duty done,
Dot pefore de setting of der sun,
He carried his rider—dot son of a gun—
Avay from der sount of any gun.
Und ven dot baddle was at ids dop,
Und der swords mit awful noise did pop,
Und de ground mit heldy blood did sop,
Dot Schlosser as he rode along,
He singed himself a funny song.
He vasn'd dinkin' 'boud der fray—
He vas more as a hundred miles avay,
Dree cheers! dree cheers! for Schlosser, bold.
Four cheers! four cheers! for dot horse so old.

DASCHEN ON THE RHINE.

If ever you go to Switzerland,
The lands of varied charms,
Where Nature, ever smiling, greets
Her guests with outstretched arms;
No matter what your guide book says—
Be certain, rain or shine,
To stop a day and see the falls
At Daschen on the Rhine.

Provide yourself with a walking stick,
Stout boots, a broad-brimmed hat,
And don the worst old coat you've got;
'Tain't *chic*—but what of that?
And don't you forget an Alpine horn
They call it here a stein—
For beer's the horn they chiefly like
At Daschen on the Rhine.

'Twixt mountain slopes, in verdure clad,
Stretch vales of rural wealth—
A landscape fair, that tells of naught
Save harmony and health.
No lawyer here e'er found a case,
Nor doctor, I opine,
For Schweitzer is the only "kase"
At Daschen on the Rhine.

The honest peasantry, whose homes
Thick dot the country o'er,
Will never—hardly ever—turn—turn
The tourist from their door,
Unless he lost his pocket book.
They're somewhat in the line
Of franc and centime-ntal folk
At Daschen on the Rhine.

And when at last you've seen the falls
For half an hour or so,
And after loafin' round a while,
Conclude it's time to go
To dinner, take especial care
That frugally you dine;
The falls are steep—and prices too
At Daschen on the Rhine.

—*Thos. H. Winnett.*

SCHNEIDER'S RIDE.

PARODY ON "SHERIDAN'S RIDE."

From gross der rifer at broke of day,
Bringin' by Brooklyn fresh dismay,
Der news vas send by Dutchman dru
Dot der officers of der refenue
Vood be ofer in less as an hour or dwo,
To confiscate all der vhisky dey got
In Schneider's blace, or near der shpot.
Und vilder yed dem rumors dey flew,
Dill Schneider didn't know vat to do;
So he glosed der doors und barred dem dight,
Saying: "Dey kin hammer avay mit all der
might:
Of dey gid dem oben before id's night,
Den I don'd know—but ve shall see
Who is der smardesd, dem, or me!"
For a hour or dree no resd he got,
Shdill Schneider shdaid righd on der shbot.
But dere is a shdreed in Brooklyn down
Dot isn't bafed, dot leads righd down
To Goney Island, und vat is more
(Dot's a vonder id nefer vas used before),
Id vas righd in frond of der back of der shdore,
Und dere on dot road vas nine drucks und a cart.
Loading mit vhisky, all ready to shdart;
Dey're most all loaded, und Schneider is gay,
In den moments he'll be bound a mile avay.
Dey're off, und noding is left to show
Vat vay dey made ub deir minds to go,
Und eferyding's moved, yed nod a sound

Can be heard bud der veels agoin' around,
As dey mofe so swifdly ofer der ground;
Und Schneider looks back und says "Goot day,"
For now he is more as fife miles avay.
Shdill jumbs dem horses, shdill on dey go,
Un der vay dey mofe dot isn'd shlow;
Dey're goin' down hill, und faster und faster
Dey're drifen ahead by Schneider, deir masder,
Who shducks to dem now like a boor man's blaster;
For vell he knows dot if now he's dooked,
He kin make ub his mind dot his goose vas cooked—
So efery mussels dey pring in blay,
'Cause dey ain'd eny more as ten miles avay.
Under dheir flying hoofs der road,
Like a gread big mutgudder dot flowed,
Und der flies dot had come all der vay from town
Now got dired, und had to lay down
To took a shmall resd ubon der ground,
For "Schneid" und der vagons, dem vent so fasd
Dot efen der flies gifed oud at lasd;
Der dusd vas dick und der horses gray,
Und Schneider vas fifdeen miles avay!
Der wery first ding dot Schneider saw
Vas der sand, und he heerd the ocean roar,
He shmelled der salt in der goot olt preeze
Dot vafed ofer vere dere vasn'd some drees,
Und he feld firsd-rade, mit his mind ad ease,
Und dem weary horses dem seemed to say—
"Ve pringed you, Schneider, all der vay
From Brooklyn town, und safed der vhisky,
But 'bon our vords 'dwas radder risky!"
Hurrah! hurrah! for Schneider drue!
Hurrah! hurrah! for der horses doo!

Und ven der shdadurs vas high und dry,
Led some bully boy mit a grockery eye
Gid ub on der dop of a barrel und gry—
" Dese is der horses dot safed der day
By carting der vhisky und Schneider gay
From Brooklyn—dwendy miles avay!"
—*" Oofty Gooft."*

THE WATER-MILL.

Oh, listen to the water-mill; through all the live long day—
" Your salary will stop about the time you lose your pay;
The fellow at the ladder's top, to him all glory goes,
And the fellow at the bottom is the fellow no one knows.
No good are all the 'had beens,' for in country and in town,
Nobody cares how high you've been, when once you have come down.
When once you have been President, and President no more,
You may run a farm, or teach a school, or keep a country store.
No one will ask about you; you never will be missed—
The mill will only grind for you while you supply the grist."

—*R. J. Burdette.*

SHOO FLIES.

Dose efening clouds vas sedding fast,
As a young man drough der fillage passed,
Shkating along mid shtorm and hail,
Mid dese vords tied by his coat-tail—
Shoo Flies.

"Oh, don't go oudt such a night like dose!"
His mudder cried: "you vill got froze;
Dot Shack Frost vill nip your ear;"
He only added mit a shneer —
Shoo Flip.

"Come pack, come pack," der olt man said;
"Come here, und eadt dis biece of pread."
He yest looked down, und hofe a sigh,
I vas a hunkey boy mit a glass eye—
Shoo Strings.

Higher und higher dot young mans vent:
For der shtorms he didn't care a cent.
He flipped de shnow off his nose und ear,
Und dese vords vas heard, so shtill and clear—
Shoe Tacks.

In about a veek, or maype more,
Der people heard an awful roar,
Dot sounded loud and far und vide,
Von vay up of der moundain side—
Shoemaker!

Two mens vos oudt a-shooting shneips,
Und vhile dey shtopped to shmoke der bipes,
Und vhen dey happened to look around,
Dey saw dot shticking from de ground—
Kalamazoo!

—*Von Boyle.*

EIN DEUTSCHES LIED.

A PARODY ON "EXCELSIOR,"—DUTCH DIALECT.

The schades of night vas falling down,
Offer der roofs in dis 'ere town,
Ven up der schtreet vas valking slow
A deitscher gal vich I did know.
Von Germany.

I saw her, und, mit a pooty quick step,
I got me right avay und soon ve met,
Und durning round she said to me,
"Vas! Crouple John in dis gountry?
My koodness."

Ve valked along und mit much joy,
She cried out "there's the very poy
Vat I vaited pooty long to see;
Youst one minute," she said to me,
"Exkooze me."

Of gourse I don't vos can refuse,
Und didn't vos got nudder vay to choose;
So right avay quick she makes a bow,
Und left me standing dhere somehow.
I don't can told you.

'Dwas der longest minute I ever seed,
Pefore nor pehint so longer's I leifed;
I strained mine eyes mit all mine might
Und saw her almost out of sight
Mit der veller.

Dunder und blixen? vasn't I mad;
Of I hat dat veller I bounch his 'ead;
So quick as I getch 'im, I dolt you so,
I maker his eyes so placker as plue.
I dolt you dot!

I dolt you yoosh vat I shall do,
I drowns myself, und so vould you;
I make me rite avay to de river, bolt,
But I dinks me youst now der vater's too colt.
I vaits till zommer.

But exberience und visdom must always be pought.
It vas yoost so good Deitch gals ash effer vos kot;
Und I von't drown myself for Katherine yet,
Pekause I finds me der vate's too vet,
Vot a beebles, vot a gountry.

OTHELLO.

In Venice once there lived a sooty fellow
By trade a soldier, and by name Othello;
He woo'd the gentlest damsel ever known, a
Fair, virtuous, blooming maid called Desdemona.
Her father would as lief Old Nick had had her:
So one fair night Othello brought a ladder
Beneath her casement, and without much trouble
The pair eloped, and had themselves made double.

Othello's ancient was a cunning rascal—
A deep, designing villain, who could mask all
Gloomy treachery, so that poor Othello
Thought him a most surprising honest fellow.
This villain finding that his General granted
A post to Michael Cassio that he wanted,

Determined, without making any pother,
To be revenged on both one and t'other;
And the first thing that the malicious brute did
Was to hint Cassio had the Moor contourted:
The Moor, however, looked for confirmation,
Not trusting quite Iago's information.

Iago, being a confounded swiper,
One night made Cassio drunk as any piper
Whereon the latter got in quite a hobble
By stabbing one Montano in a squabble.
The Moor dismisses him for this aggression,
But Desdemona tries her intercession
To have his rank restored, and grows so zealous
In his behalf, Othello becomes jealous.

Meanwhile, Iago got a certain 'kerchief,
Which Desdemona had received from her chief,
In Cassio's chamber had contrived to leave it,
Then tells the Moor it was his wife who gave it.
Othello, flying in a wondrous passion,
Attacks his wife in most uncivil fashion;
Call'd for the handkerchief; she tried to find it,
But could not, so she begged him not to mind it,
And sought in vain to soothe his Excellency,
Who left the room in a confounded frenzy.

Poor Desdemona spent that day in weeping,
Then went to give her heart relief by sleeping,
And sought the couch upon whose downy feather
Her lord and she had oft reposed together.
There, while in slumber soft and pure, reclining,
Bright, holy visions, o'er her fancy shining,
She lay, in came her husband with a candle,

His eyes dilated, and his dagger's handle
Clasped in one hand. On tiptoe he advances;
To the bedside, and on her sweet face glances;
And, after divers doubts and much misgiving,
Swears that she shan't stay longer with the living;
Wakes her, and says 'tis quarter past eleven,
And bids her pray to fit herself for Heaven.
He'll give her just five minutes to get ready—
Poor Desdemona's head grows quite unsteady;
She sighs and sobs, assures him he's mistaken,
But spite of all the rascal is unshaken,
And though her tears would make a lump of curd
stir,
He smothers the poor creature with a bolster.

The servants, hearing all this row and thinking
There's something wrong, break through the door
like winking,
In rush the lady's father, Gratiano,
Emilia, Iago and Montano.
Emilia she gave her lord and master
The handkerchief that caused the sad disaster.
Iago's guilt is made to appear quite clearly:
Othello sticks him with his sword severely,
The people seize his blade—he makes a swagger,
Speaks of his deeds, then draws out his dagger;
Regrets he should have used his wife so badly,
Then stabs himself, to end the story sadly.

This tale is writ in Shakespeare's lyric finis,
But his account is not as good as mine is.

—*Anon.*

THE WILLIAM GOAT.

Mary had a William Goat
And he was black as jet;
He followed Mary 'round all day,
And liked her! you just bet!

He went with her to school one day
The teacher kicked him out;
It made the children grin, you know,
To have the goat about.

But though old Whackem kicked him out,
Yet still he lingered near;
He waited just outside the door
Till Whackem did appear.

Then William ran to meet the man
He ran his level best;
And met him just behind, you know,
Down just below the vest.

Old Whackem turned a somersault;
The goat stood on his head;
And Mary laughed herself so sick
She had to go to bed.

—*Anon.*

AN ORIGINAL PARODY.

It must be so! stomach, thou reasonest well,
Else when this pleasing hope, this fond desire;
This longing after something good for dinner?
Or whence these secret pangs; these hollow murmurs,

That issue from my bowels? Why shrinks my soul
Back on herself, and startles at a famine?
'Tis hunger, powerful hunger, stirs within me;
'Tis famine's self that points to *one o'clock!*
And shows the time of dinner is at hand.
Dinner! thou pleasing, thou delightful thought
Thro' what a variety of knowing processes,
Each morsel, both of lean and fat, doth pass,
Ere dinner, in rich prospect, lies before me,
And I with ardent stomach fall upon it.
Here will I hold! If Molly's in the kitchen,
And that she is, and in a bustle too,
Both nose and ears confess—she must be cooking something!
And that which Molly cooks, it must be tasty;
But when or where this dinner will be ready,
I'm weary of conjectures. Oh, patience, end them,
Thus am I wholly arm'd from top to toe,
Patience and appetite both working within me,
That gently bids me wait till I am called.
But this supposes I shall never dine;
The soul secure in her existence, smiles
At the debates, and thinks my stomach mad;
The kitchen fire shall fade, cookery itself
Grow out of date with mayors, and sauces be no more;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth—
Unhurt amid the war of pots and pans,
The wreck of gridirons and the crush of kitchens.

—*Anon.*

THE "AGER."

A PARODY ON "THE RAVEN."

Once upon an evening bleary,
While I sat me dreamy, dreary,
In the sunshine thinking over
Things that passed in days of yore;
While I nodded, nearly sleeping,
Gently came a something creeping
Up my back like water leaping—
Leaping upward from the floor;
"'Tis a cooling breeze," I muttered,
"From the regions 'neath the floor—
Only this and nothing more?"

Ah! distinctly I remember—
It was in that wet September,
When the earth and every member
Of creation that it bore
Had for days and weeks been soaking
In the meanest, most provoking
Foggy rains, that, without joking,
We had ever seen before;
So I knew it must be very
Cold and damp beneath the floor—
Very cold beneath the floor!

So I sat me, nearly napping,
In the sunshine, stretching, gaping,
Craving water, but delighted
With the breeze from 'neath the floor;
Till I found me waxing colder,
And the stretching growing bolder,

And myself a feeling older—
  Older than I'd felt before;
Feeling that my joints were stiffer
  Than they were in days of yore—
  Stiffer than they'd been before!

All along my back the creeping
Soon gave place to rushing, leaping,
As if countless frozen demons
  Had concluded to explore
All the cavities—"the varmints!"—
'Twixt me and my nether garments,
Up into my hair and downward
  Through my boots into the floor;
Then I found myself a-shaking,
  Gently first, but more and more—
  Every moment more and more.

'Twas the "ager!" And it shook me
In my very clothes, and took me
Shaking to the kitchen—every
  Place where there was warmth in store;
Shaking till the dishes clattered,
Shaking till the tea was spattered,
Shaking, and with all my warming
  Feeling colder than before;
Shaking till it had exhausted
  All its powers to shake me more—
  Till it could not shake me more!

Then it rested till the morror,
Then resumed, with all the horror
That it had the face to borrow,
  Shaking, shaking as before;

And from that day in September—
Day that I shall long remember—
It has made diurnal visits,
  Shaking, shaking on so sore!
Shaking off my boots, and shaking
  Me to bed, if nothing more—
  Fully this and nothing more!

And to-day the swallows flitting
Round my cottage see me sitting
Moodily within the sunshine
  Just inside my silent door—
Waiting for the "ager," seeming
Like a man forever dreaming,
And the sunshine on me streaming
  Throws no shadow on the floor—
For I am too thin and sallow
  To make shadows on the floor—
  Nary shadow any more.

—*Anon.*

THAT BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

"Oh the snow, that beautiful snow,"
That flies in your face wherever you go,
That's twisted and whirled in some "dizzy" old
  street
Till it blinds your poor eyes, and freezes your feet.
It's all very fine, that "beautiful snow,"
If you've cash in your pocket, and somewhere to go.
But the poet was born in summer, I know,
That finds something pretty in "beautiful snow."

"Beautiful," is it? Humph! "beautiful snow,"
When "it falls on a sinner, nowhere to go."
It seems to me, now (I'm a practical man,
I'm no love-sick damsel or innocent lamb,
Therefore I cannot be expected, you know,
To stand on my head about "beautiful snow")—
It seems to me, now, that this dreamer should go
And bury himself in his "beautiful snow."

"Beautiful" is it, eh?—"beautiful snow,"
The thermometer just ten degrees below,
Your overcoat "hocked," not a cent in your "kick,"
And "beautiful snow" till you can't see a brick
In the sidewalks, around in some "last" country town,
And that "beautiful snow" is still coming down.
Why, if I had a room with a fire all aglow,
I could envy the "crank" who wrote "Beautiful Snow."

"Beautiful snow from the heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love."
I wish they would keep it in heaven, not throw
So much down on earth of that "beautiful snow."
Gentle as love? how can they say so;
See how it sticks, it never will go.
March, April, and May may come and may go,
And still we'll be blessed with darned "beautiful snow."

—*Anon.*

SHAKESPEARE MODERNIZED.

All the world's a bar,
And all the men and women merely drinkers;
They have their hiccups and their staggerings:
And one man in a day drinks many glasses,
His acts being seven stages. At first the gentleman,
Steady and steadfast in his good resolves;
And then the wine and bitters; appetizer,
And pining, yearning look, leaving like a snail
The comfortable bar. And then the arguments,
Trying like Hercules, with wrathful frontage,
To refuse one more, one more. Then the mystified,
Full of strange thoughts, unheeding good advice,
Careless of honor, sodden, thick and guttral,
Seeking the troubled repetition
Even in the bottle's mouth; and then quite jovial,
In fair good humor while the world swims round,
With eyes quite misty, while his friends him cut,
Full of nice oaths and awful bickerings;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the stupid, slipping, drunken man
With "blossoms" on his nose, and bleary eyed,
His shrunken face unshaved; from side to side
He rolls along; and his unmanly voice,
Huskier than ever, fails and flies
And leaves him—staggering round. Last scene of all
That ends this true and painful history,
Is stupid childishness, and then oblivion—
Sans watch, sans chain, sans coin, sans everything.

—*Anon.*

MATRIMONY.

To pop or not to pop, that is the question,
Whether 'tis easier for a man to suffer
In single blessedness the rubs of fortune,
Or ask some pretty girl to share his troubles
And by proposing end them? To woo, to wed,
No more: and by a form to say he's free
From all the little ills a bachelor, poor man,
Is plagued with: 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To woo, to wed—
Perhaps a family! Ah, there's the rub;
For in the marriage state what cares may come
When he has taken to himself a wife
Must give him pause; there's the respect
That makes celibacy of so long a life.
For who would bear the washerwoman's crimes,
The buttonless shirt, the stockings full of holes,
The pangs of collars with a saw-like edge,
The lodging keeper's sins, the cat's misdeeds,
And strange evaporation of his brandy,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a plain gold ring? Who would chambers keep
And growl and fret a solitary life
But that the dread of endless tradesmen's bills
(But housekeeping expenses, from whose doom
No Benedict escapes) puzzles the will
And makes him rather bear the ills he has
Than fly to others that perhaps are worse.

Thus prudence makes a coward of man,
And thus we see most desperate flirtations
On this account too often end in smoke
And promises apparently of granite
Are broken like the crust of apple pie,
And ladies bring "action."

O'THELLO.

O'Thello was a sojer bould,
Though black he was be nature;
To Disdemony he was wed,
An innocent young crayture.

Wid her he lived in payee an' quiet,
For she was no vyrago,
Till on a cursed night he met
A villin called Iago.

Sez he, "Yer wife's a perjured jade;
Och! she's a faithless lassie—oh!
She doesn't care two pins for you,
But she'd give her two eyes out for Casshio!

"Wid him she gallivants about
All in her hours of laysure;
To him she gave her pocket-handkerchief,
All for to wipe his rayshure?"

Wid that he fell into a rage,
An' riz a wondhrous riot,
An' swore he'd murdther her that night,
Whin everything was quiet.

But not wid dagger, not wid dirk,
For that would raise a foul sthir,
But he'd take an' blow the candle out,
An' smother her wid the boulsther.

A MASHIN' YARN.

"Now tell me true," the maiden said,
And raising high her regal head
She kissed beneath his moustache red—
"Were you ever mashed before?"

He trembled like an aspen leaf,
And hid his eyes in mute, dumb grief,
And then he shocked her fond belief—
"Yes, I've been mashed afore."

"Woe is me," the maiden cried,
"I almost wish I could have died
Before this shock came to my pride—
So you've been mashed afore?"

"How many mashes?" then she cries,
And looking up with streaming eyes,
She listens to her lover's lies—
"A dozen, less or more!"

"Ah! Well, I care not, so I'm last,"
And 'round his neck her arms she cast,
"Farewell the mashes of the past—
Your mashing days are o'er."

ODE TO THE FULL MOON.

Oh, dissolute orb, that, in thy frequent state
Of lonely fullness, 'cross the heavens dost glide!
'Tis not thy loveliness that I do rate
Thy most engaging quality. Nor yet
Do I thy majesty so much admire.
'Tis thy ability to get so full,
So gloriously, completely full, does fire
My wond'ring soul with emulative wish.

Oh, reveller celestial! Dost thou e'er
For boon companions long, and weary grow
Of lonely state, when on thy monthly tear?
Dost ever tip, 'cross heaven's spaces wide
To moons of Jupiter, convivial wink
And ask their company! Of Saturn's crow,
With envious longing, dost thou ever think?
Alas, thy fate! Though full, thou art forlorn.

And still, thou type of crapulence, thy lot
Has many compensations. Into quod,
Thou fearless roysterer, thou'lt ne'er be brought,
Though out all night in state called glorious.
I envy thee. However full, next morn
Will always see thee with a waning head
And ne'er at loss to get another horn,
For, never broke, thou'st e'er a quarter left?

—*Allen Kelly.*

HOW TO GET RICH.

Put on the airs of an eight-keyed flute,
If you're only a penny whistle,
Pass where you can for a garden rose,
If you're only a wayside thistle.

Blow, whenever you blow your horn,
So people can understand
That you may be sharp, but you won't be flat,
In society's great brass band.

Pass the plate or the hat in church
With the usual Sabbath air,
But move with a mild, religious squeak,
That people may know you're there.

If you carry a nose six inches long
(And a beak can scarce be longer),
Believe it a sign of perception strong,
And the longer it is the stronger.

But if in the order of nasal tubes
Your organ is brief in measure,
Then, brevity being the soul of wit,
Consider your pug a treasure.

Love your neighbor—but mark the force
Of the gospel rule of grace—
The more you admire yourself, my friend,
The higher your neighbor's place.

Clink your dime in the deacon's pan
As if you were throwing gold,
And give with an eye to the business hope
Of reaping a hundred-fold.

Whether your reading be little or great,
Quote right, or never quote;
Polish your uppers, though down in the heel,
And never indorse a note.

Always advance best hand, best foot,
(Best hand, best foot your own),
And thus you may feast on the fat of the land
While others enjoy the bone.

—*Wm. D. Morange.*

THE CATS.

Hear the warbling of the cats—
Merry cats!
Oh, I love to hear the music of their midnight nightly spats!
And they waltz around and frisk all,
In the icy air of night,
In a way so weird and brisk all,
While their shapely tails they whisk all
With a Cataline delight—
Keeping time with their tails,
Like a lot of Runic flails,
To the concat-cantentation, sung in sundry sharps and flats,
Of a canticle on rats,
Rats, rats, rats,
Rats—
To a wild carnivorous canticle on rats!

Hear the turbulent Tom cats,
Daddy cats!
How the catapultic bootjack interrupts their fiendish chats!

In the darkness of the night,
How their ghoulish outcries smite
Portland flats!
From their catacoustic throats
An intense
Cataphonic ditty floats
To the turtle cat that gloats
On the fence!—
Ah, the tabby cat that listens, while she gloats,
To the surging cataclysm of their wild, catarrhal notes!

Hear the hoarse grandfather cats—
Aged cats!
How they make us long to grasp a score of rattling good brickbats!
They have caught a bad catarrh,
Caterwauling at the moon!
(See it? Caught a bad cat R!)
You may hear them from afar,
Roll it like a British R,
Out of tune.
In a clamorous appealing to the aged tabby cat,
In a futile, mad appealing to the deaf, old tabby cat!
Shrieking higher, higher, higher,
Like a demon in a fire—
While the little kitten cats—
Infant cats—
Sing an emulous, sweet ditty of their love for mice and rats?
That's
But a rudimental spasm of the capers of the cats!

—*Anon.*

A PARCEL OF LETTERS.

LETTER I.

My darling, my own,
  My sweet little wife;
I'm sad and alone,
  Oh, joy of my life.
I miss you, my pet—
  I would you were here;
I'd have you, and yet,
  My business, I fear,
So pressing would be,
  'Twould keep me away—
Without sight of me
  You'd spend your each day.
Oh, pity me love,
  In my loneliness drear,
But, sweet turtle dove,
  Don't come to me here.

LETTER II.

DEAR JOE: I'm in town—
  What's more, I'm alone,
So, prithee, come down—
  All business postpone.
I left the old girl
  (By fibs taken in)
To have a brief whirl
  In this city of sin.
So during my stay
  We'll paint the town red,
Prepare for the fray,
  As ever, yours—NED.

LETTER III.

What mean you, dear Ned?
  You call me "your own."
'Tis odd—what you said;
  Of course you're alone.
You call me "your love,"
  Your "dear little wife,"
Your "sweet turtle-dove."
  And "joy of your life."
I cannot quite see
  Why you should write so.
Explain it to me,
  Yours hastily—JOE.

LETTER IV.

You'll "paint the town red"—
  I'll let you, of course;
But I, Mr. Ned,
  Will have a divorce.

HOCH! DER KAISER.

Der Kaiser of dis Fatherland
Und Gott on high all dings command.
Ve two—ach! Don't you understand?
  Myself—und Gott.

Vile some men sing der power divine,
Mine soldiers sing "Der Wacht am Rhine,"
Und drink der health in Rhenish wine
  Of Me—und Gott.

Dere's France, she swaggers all aroundt
She's ausgespield—of no account.
To much we think she don't amount—
Myself—und Gott.

She will not dare to fight again;
But if she shouldt I'll show her blain
Dot Elsass und (in French) Lorraine
Are mein—by Gott!

Dere's grandma dink's she's nicht small beer,
Mit Boers und such she interfere;
She'll learn none owns dis hemisphere
But me—und Gott.

She dink's, goot frau, fine ships she's got,
Und soldiers mit dere scarlet coat—
Ach! We could knock dem—Pouf! like that—
Myself—mit Gott.

In dimes of peace brebare for wars—
I bear the spear and helm of Mars,
Und care not for a thousand Czars—
Myself—mit Gott!

In fact, I humor efery whim,
With aspect dark and visage grim;
Gott pulls mit me, and I mit Him—
Myself—und Gott.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

It was in ancient Italy a deadly hatred grew
Between old Caleb Capulet and Moses Montague;
Now Moses had an only son, a little dapper beau,
The pet of all the pretty girls, by name young Romeo.
And Caleb owned a female girl, just home from boarding school,
Miss Juliet was her Christian name—for short they called her Jule.
To bring the lady out he gave a ball at his plantation,
And thither went young Romeo, without an invitation,
One Tybalt, kinsman to the host, began to growl and pout,
And watched an opportunity to put the fellow out;
But Caleb saw the game and said, "Now, cousin, don't be cross;
Behave yourself or leave the room; are you or I the boss?"
When Juliet saw Romeo his beauty did enchant her;
And Romeo he fell in love with Juliet instanter,
Now, lest their dads should spoil the fun, but little time was tarried,
Away to 'Squire Lawrence sped, and secretly were married,
Oh, cruel fate! that day the groom met Tybalt in the square,
And Tybalt being very drunk, at Romeo did swear.

Then Romeo his weapon drew (a knife of seven
blades),
And made a gap in Tibby's ribs, that sent him to
the shades.
The watchman came; he took to flight, down alley,
street and square;
The Charlies ran, o'ertook their man, and took
him 'fore the Mayor.
Then spoke the worthy magistrate and (savagely
did frown),
"Young man, you have to lose your head, or else
vamose the town!"
He chose the last, and left his bride in solitude to
pine;
"Ah me!" said he, "our honeymoon is nothing
but moonshine;"
And then, to make the matter worse, her father did
embarrass
By saying she must give her hand to noble County
Paris.
"This suitor is a goodly youth; to-day he comes
to woo;
If you refuse the gentleman I'll soundly wollop
you."
She went to 'Squire Lawrence's cell to know what
must be done;
The 'Squire bade her go to bed and take some
laudanum.
"'Twill make you sleep and seem as dead; thus
can'st thou dodge this blow;
A humbugged man your pa will be—a blest one
Romeo."
She drank, she slept, grew wan and cold; they
buried her next day.

That she'd piped out her lord got word, far off in Mantua;
Quoth he, "Of life I've had enough; I'll hire Bluffkin's mule,
Lay in a pint of baldface rum and go to-night to Jule!"
Then rode him to the sepulchre, 'mong dead folks, bats and creepers,
And swallowed down the burning dose, when Juliet ope'd her peepers.
"Are you alive, or is't your ghost? Speak quick, before I go."
"Alive!" she cried, "and kicking, too; art thou my Romeo?"
"It is your Romeo, my faded little blossom;
Oh, Juliet; is it possible that you were acting possum?"
"I was, indeed; now let's go home; pa's spite will have abated;
What ails you, love, you stagger so; are you intoxicated?"
"No, no, my duck; I took some stuff that caused a little fit;"
He struggled hard to tell her all, but couldn't, so he quit.
In shorter time than 't takes a lamb to wag his tail or jump,
Poor Romeo was stiff and pale as any whitewashed pump.
Then Juliet seized that awful knife, and in her bosom stuck it,
Let out a most terrific yell, fell down, and kicked the bucket!

—*Anon.*

THE TURKISH BATH.

DESCRIBED BY A YOUNG WOMAN.

Has any of your wandering paths
Ever led you to the Turkish baths?
They're the finest of all things, never doubt it:
Just sit down, and I'll tell you about it.

First of all you are shown to a cell;
There you proceed to take off—well,
You may retain your hairpins and rings?
But you must remove all your other things.
Then you wrap yourself in a sheet,
And fold it around you from head to feet
(And you'd better take one of your own
If you chance to be large and pretty well grown,
For you'll find—and your modesty 'twill harrow—
That those provided are rather narrow).

Then you follow a girl in solemn procession,
Like a white-robed nun going to confession;
And she lays you out on a marble slab,
And you feel like a lobster, or maybe a crab.

To state that the room is extremely hot
The bounds of truth oversteppeth not.
Pretty soon you begin to melt,
And you wonder how Shadrach and Meshach felt,
Then you're put in a room that's hotter still.
And here you really begin to grill,
And the perspiration begins to flow,

And you think of poor Abednego.
There you lie, and think of your sins—
And all you have heard it will do for skins—
Till your very eyeballs begin to burn.
Then the pretty girl comes, and says it's your turn,
And then, stretched out as if you were dead,
On a steamy, slippery marble bed,
With a rubber pillow under your head,
You're splashed, and soaped, and scoured, and rubbed,
In fact, most comprehensively scrubbed;
And last, somewhat to your consternation,
Are played on by hose, like a conflagration.

Then, tucked away in a clean white nest,
You can go to sleep, or can lie and rest;
And everything in the whole arena
Is as clean as it is at home—or cleaner;
And when, at last, you dress for the street,
You feel so supple, and nice, and neat,
And even your temper has grown so sweet,
You feel no longer cold and hungry
And you look at least to be ten years younger;
And be you as fat as a seal, or thin as a lath,
Forever you'll bless the Turkish Bath.

LOVE'S LIMIT.

I'd swear for her,
I'd tear for her,
The lord knows what I'd bear for her;
I'd lie for her,
I'd sigh for her,

I'd drink Ohio River dry for her;
I'd cuss for her,
I'd fuss for her,
I'd smash a trolley car for her,
I'd weep for her,
I'd leap for her,
I'd go without my sleep for her,
I'd fight for her,
I'd bite for her,
I'd walk the streets all night for her,
I'd plead for her,
I'd bleed for her,
I'd go without my feed for her;
I'd shoot for her,
I'd boot for her.
A rival who'd come to sue for her,
I'd kneel for her,
I'd steal for her,
Such is the love I feel for her;
I'd slide for her.
I'd glide for her,
I'd swim against the tide for her,
I'll try for her,
I'll cry for her.
But d—— me if I'd die for her.

—Chas. Barton.

DER OAK UND DER VINE.

I don'd vas preaching voman's righdts,
Or anyding like dot,
Und I likes to see all beoples
Shust gondented mit dheir lot;

But I vants to gondradict dot shap,
Dot made dis leedle shoke;
"A voman vas der glinging vine,
Und der man, der shturdy oak."

Berhaps, somedimes, dot may be drue;
Budt, den dimes oudt off nine,
I find me oudt dot man himself
Vas peen der glinging vine;
Und ven hees friendts dthey all vas gone,
Und he vas shust "tead proke,"
Dot's vhen der voman shteps righdt in,
Und peen der shturdy oak.

Shust go oup to der paseball groundts
Und see dhose "shturdy oaks"
All planted roundt ubon der seats—
Shust hear dheir laughs und shokes!
Dhen see dhose vomens at der tubs,
Mit glothes oudt on der lines:
Vhich vas der shturdy oaks, mine frendts,
Und vhich der glinging vines?

Ven sickness in der househouldt comes,
Und veeks und veeks he shtays,
Who vas id fighdts him mitout resdt,
Dhose veary nighdts und days?
Who beace und gomfort alvays prings,
Und cools dot fefered prow?
More like id vas der tender vine
Dot oak he glings to, now.

"Man vants budt leedle here pelow,"
Der boet von time said;
Dhere's leedle dot man he *don'd* vant,
I dink id means, inshted;
Und vhen der years keep rolling on,
Dheir cares und droubles pringing,
He vants to pe der shturdy oak,
Und, also, do der glinging.

Maype, vhen oaks dthey gling some more,
Und don'd so shturdy peen,
Der glinging vines dhey haf some shance
To helb run life's masheen.
In helt und sickness, shoy und pain,
In calm or shtormy veddher,
'Tvas beddher dot dhose oaks und vines
Should alvays gling togeddher.
—*Chas. F. Adams, in "Harper's Magazine."*

THE YARN OF THE KISSING PARSON.

'Twas on a cheerless, icy day,
The wind was wintry cold,
That we chanced to meet on a bleak side street,
A dominie man grown old.

His clothes were patched, his head unthatched,
And his trousers out at the knee,
And we heard this man proceed to scan,
This strange soliloquy:

"Oh! I bussed the widows, and I bussed the wives,
And I bussed the damsels free,
And I bussed young jades, and I bussed old maids,
Till the practice busted me."

And he pranced around and ripped and tore,
Like a maniac inspired,
Till we seized by the neck this pious wreck,
And timidly inquired:

"Oh! dominie man, will you explain,
These wondrous things you tell?
Expound to us how you could buss
So much and do it well!"

Then he settled down and scratched his head
In a meditative way,
Till he thought he'd quite got his story right
And then went on to say:

"I used to think when I started in,
That a preacher had a call
To buss around on hallowed ground,
According to St. Paul.

"So I bussed the widows, and I bussed the wives,
And I bussed the damsels free,
And I bussed young jades, and I bussed old maids,
Till the practice busted me.

"I went around from church to church
For forty years, about,
And never missed a single sister,
Till the deacons fired me out.

"Then I'd try again and get a job,
But again I'd have to hop;
A scriptural buss would make more fuss
That a mule in a crockery shop.

"In vain I preached the apostles' creed.
And showed how wise was he,
But the holy salute always fetched a boot,
And I got the grand G. B.

"But it is the sisters' singular view
That my understanding melts;
They didn't mind till the undersigned
Got kissing some one else.

"Then they'd squawk and shiver, and raise a row,
And howl and carry on,
Though I'd kiss them all, big, medium and small,
From Genesis to John.

"So I quit the business, and I preach no more,
Nor neither sing nor pray;
But I am to be found a sitting round,
Remarking by the way:

"Oh! I bussed the widows, and I bussed the wives,
And I bussed the damsels free,
And I bussed young jades, and I bussed old maids,
Till the practice busted me!"

—*Anon.*

HER SLANG SHE SLUNG.

She was a Boston maid of high degree,
With eyes that shone like incandescent lights,
And just such pouting lips as seem to me
The kiss invites.

I met her on the Common's grassy sod,
Near where the fountain plays in squirtive mood;
She stood reflective, while a passive wad
Of gum she chewed.

"It does one good to see this spot," said I,
"When weary of the city's hum and buzz."
She ceased her waxic pastime to reply
"That's what it does."

"This sylvan spot," then softly I averred,
"The foot of man seems almost to defile."
Her voice came sweet as notes of woodland bird:
"Well, I should smile."

"The balmy breezes whispering overhead
With such enchanting softness kiss the brow."
In tones of liquid melody she said:
"You're shoutin' now!"

"And have you noticed, fair one, how each bird
Seems here to choose its sweetest vocal gem?"
I dwelt in rapture on her every word:
"I'm onto them."

"And how the leaves like moving emeralds seem,
When in response to the sweet breeze they shake!"
Her voice came soft as echo from a dream:
"They take the cake."

"And do you catch the flowers' fragrance sweet
From yonder garden when the soft wind blows?"
Replied she as she viewed my "Trilby" feet:
"You bet your hose."

"Dost wander often to a sylvan spot
The dreamy sense of quietude to speak?"
Soft purled her answer: "Well, I take a trot 'bout
Once a week."

In converse sweet I lingered by her side,
And felt that there forever I could dwell,
And as I left her, after me she cried:
"So long, old fel."

I was not captured by her voice so rich,
Nor with her lovely face, so fresh and young,
But with the sweet dexterity with which,
Her slang she slung.

—*Capt. Jack Crawford.*

TERRIBLE SNOW.

Oh the snow, the terrible snow,
Laying the plants and flowers low,
Dealing destruction now here, now there;
Driving the hungry wolf from his lair,
Howling, baying, eyes all aflame,
Through snow-silvered forests in quest of game;
A curse to the needy and to the low,
And to those that ride, and to those that go;
Obstructing each path and each thoroughfare.
Making beasts' burden much harder to bear.
Oh the snow, the terrible snow,
The poor man's torment and the sick man's foe;
Only hailed with glee by a thoughtless child,
To whose wrappings warm it feels soft and mild,
Driving, tearing through broken panes,
And filling up poverty's courts and lanes,
For a quivering foot, frost-bitten and cold,
To cross it with shoes neither heeled nor soled:
While bloodless lips utter, and not too low,
A curse for the coming of terrible snow.
No fire to cheer the empty grate,
No bread to eat from the old broken plate,
While the snow flocks in through the open door,
And with fiendish glee it covers the floor;
Smiling, chuckling, in cruel sport,
Deaf to entreaty, and caring for naught:
Neither for moans from suffering and sick,
Nor for dying flares from the cheap lamp-wick,
Struggling to live and to cheer with its light
Those who are freezing in darkness and night.
A small, childish countenance, wan and pale,

Cold, clammy and moist with the driving gale
Extended with pleading and tearful eye:
"A penny, please!" What a mournful cry!
Falling, reaching no friendly ear;
Met by the snow with a withering sneer,
As it shrouds in white the youthful form,
Benumbed by the cold and the fearful storm;
Until it is covered and hid from view,
Bemourned by nobody, pitied by few.
A wearied-out traveller pursues his way,
With the terrible snow falling all day;
And dark night sets in, yet it ceases not,
Blinding from sight some hospitable cot:
Plodding, dragging his limbs along,
'Till stopping for fear he was going wrong,
Sinking upon the terrible snow,
Wishing his strength, like his hope, would grow;
But his couch had already marked its prey,
And his hair was white before it was gray.
In a valley stands a romantic cot,
On a charming, delightful, well-suited spot
One winter, snow threatened the little dell,
And gathered in strength and size as it fell,
Crashing, dashing, an avalanche
Crushed into the roof of the little ranche
Striking its inmates all dead to the floor
Covered with blood and bespattered with gore;
Their last prayer was, in their fearful woe,
A dying curse for the terrible snow!

—*Richard Gerner.*

THE BANANA PEEL.

Like the bar of the beaten gold
  I gleam in the summer sun;
I am little, I know, but I think I can throw
  A man that will weigh a ton.
I send out no challenges bold,
  I blow me no vaunting horn,
But foolish is he who treadeth on me;
  He'll wish he had ne'er been born.

Like the flower of the field, vain man
  Goeth forth at the break of day;
But when he shall feel my grip on his heel,
  Like the stubble he fadeth away;
For I lift him up in the air,
  With his heels where his head ought to be,
With a down coming crash he maketh his mash,
  And I know he's clear gone upon me.

I am scorned by the man who buys me,
  I am modest and quiet and meek;
Though my talents are few, yet the work that I do
  Has oft made the cellar doors creak.
I'm a canary-colored Republican born,
  And a Nihilist fearless I be;
Though the head wear a crown, I would bring its pride down,
  If it set its proud heel upon me.

—*Anon.*

THE SLANG OF THE DAY.

The slang of our day is a puzzle,
Invented by—ah, who can tell?
A drink is a " smile," or a " guzzle,"
A swindle is merely a " sell."

One tells you a tale you can't " swaller,"
He tells you " by thunder," 'tis true;
You bet him your last " bottom dollar,"
" By thunder," that's all you can do.

They asked you " How goes it?" on meeting.
" Take care of yourself," is adieu;
They substitute " beating " for cheating,
And sometimes combine both the two.

If foolish, " your head isn't level,"
Or, maybe, " your head isn't clear;"
Instead of saying " go to the devil,"
They tell you " walk off on your ear."

To praise you they say " you are bully,"
For honest they nickname you " square,"
Although please to understand fully,
There's not many that way, " I swear."

While robbing they call " going through you,"
And " go for him " means an attack.
When financial troubles come to you,
They say, " Oh, he's up on his back."

" Fusil oil " is the new name for whiskey,
" Spondulix " cognomen for pelf,
" You've been there," when charged as too frisky;
Well, " You know how it is yourself."

And if a proper reproof you should offer,
They tell you "that game is quite played,"
Say, walk off, you "big, dirty loafer,"
Or a large "Mansard roof" will be made.

Then sometimes you're "cornered" or "euchered,"
That is, if you get in a "fix;"
They call you "galoot" if untutored
In every galoot's knavish tricks.

There are "That's what's the matter with Hannah,"
And "dead beats" on every side,
If the "skunks" will not alter their manners,
I don't care a "cuss," "let 'em slide."

THE WICKEDEST MAN IN MEMPHIS.

Yes, stranger! you may well say so,
Such hard times last summer as we had
Is what tries the souls of mortals
And picks out the good and the bad.

There were some we had always reckoned
As among the whitest of men;
The salt of the earth, and so forth,
Proved mighty mean cattle then.

And on the other hand, stranger,
There were low-down folks, not few,
Who showed true grit and courage
As ever a man could do.

You didn't know Hank Maguffy?
Well, it's no loss, that's clear—
The "Wickedest Man in Memphis"
Was the name he went by here.

A gambler, a drunkard and hoss thief,
Spent most of his time in jail:
He was tarred and feathered in Vicksburgh,
And rode out of town on a rail.

Now you'd a-thought such a fellow
Would have fled from the yellow death;
Would have got right up and dusted
At the whiff of his charnel breath,

Nor caring who might suffer,
Or a thought of the helpless sick;
But just vamoosed, as it were,
And lit out on the double quick.

Ah! there were some who shirked their duty
To save their worthless lives;
There were some who shook their children,
And there were some who shook their wives.

But Hank—HANK—was he one—
One of them that slid?
As quick as his legs could carry him?
Yes, stranger, you can bet he did.

—*A. J. Brown.*

CLEOPATHERA'S NEEDLE.

So that's Cleopathera's Needle, bedad,
An' a quare lookin' needle it is, I'll be bound;
What a powerful muscle the queen must have had
That could grasp such a weapon an' wind it around!

Imagine her sittin' there stitchin' like mad
Wid a needle like that in her hand! I declare
It's as big as the Round Tower of Slane, an', bedad,
It would pass for a round tower, only it's square!

The taste of her, orderin' a needle of granite;
Begorra, the sight of it sthrikes me quite dumb!
An' look at the quare sort of figures upan it;
I wondher can these be the thracks of her thumb?

I once was astonished to hear of the faste
Cleopathera made upon pearls: but now
I declare, I would not be surprised in the laste
If ye told me the woman had swallowed a cow!

It's aisy to see why bould Cæsar should quail
In her presence an' meekly submit to her rule!
Wid a weapon like that in her fist I'll go bail
She could frighten the sowl out of big Finn MacCool!

But, Lord, what poor pigmmies the women are now,
Compared with the monsthers they must have been then!
Whin the darlin's in those days would kick up a row,
Holy smoke, but it must have been hot for the men!

Just think how a chap that goes courtin' would start
If his girl was to prod him wid that in the shins!
I have often seen needles, but bouldly assart
That the needle in front of me there takes the pins!

O, sweet Cleopathera! I'm sorry you're dead;
An' whin lavin this wonderful needle behind
Had ye thought of bequathin' a spool of your thread
An' yer thimble an' scissors, it would have been kind.

But pace to your ashes, ye plague of great men,
Yer strength is departed, yer glory is past;
Ye'll niver wield sceptre or needle again,
An' a poor little asp did yer bizness at last!

—*Cormac O'Leary.*

UP-TO-DATE SAYINGS.

There are many funny sayings,
You can hear them every day,
If you stop to listen,
And they're used about this way:
Take for instance, "Holy Moses,"
"It's a frost." "You're too slow,"
"You've got wheels inside your head"
But I have got the dough."
"Well, I'll just go you one better,"
"Don't you see," "I've got the stuff,"
"You bet your life" "I'm with you,"
"Look here,' "Don't give no bluff."
"You're off your trolley," "Don't get gay."
I ought to have you "pinched."
"That cuts no ice," "Oh, hully gee!"
See here, "I've got a cinch."
"All right," but "Don't get giddy."
"You ain't in it," "A little bit."
"Ah, there, my size, just stay there."
"Don't get fresh," "I think so, nit."
"Get a move on," "I'm dead on to you."
"That's straight," "Ain't she a bird?"
"I wonder if the ghost will walk,"
I do upon my word.
"You're head is swelled," "Ain't it a peach,"
"The X rays" show it plain.
"The wind blew through his whiskers,"
"And the long green" made him vain.

—*E. P. Gould.*

THE HORSE THAT WINS THE RACE.

If you ever go to races I think that you'll agree
In the following philosophy which oft occurred to me:
Some horses start off slowly, and others make the pace,
But the first horse at the wire is the horse that wins the race.

It doesn't always matter which jockey has your mount,
When they rally down the homestretch, one thing alone will count.
Luck often passes merit, and for better or for worse,
The rear horse gets his lashing and the front horse takes the purse.

When dealing cards in poker you are liable to find
That two pair seldom rank as high as three cards of a kind.
The king card is a high card, but it doesn't beat the ace:
The first horse at the wire is the one that wins the race.

Just look the records over, and you'll say with me, I guess,
That really, for succeeding, there's nothing like success;
The world will surely judge you by the things that you have done!
You will only get its pity for your battles nearly won.

Reputation isn't always what it's lauded up to be,
The shallow brooks are noisiest, down-flowing to the sea.
Great genius sometimes hides itself within a common face;
Dark horses beat the favorites in many a gallant race.

Endeavor may be noble, but the world don't care a pin
For an ocean of endeavors unless they chance to win.
Finish what you've undertaken if you want to make a name;
Success has filled the niches in the temple walls of Fame.

The most successful doctor is the one that most is paid,
The merchant who most prospers is the one who gets the trade,
The most successful lawyer is the one who wins his case,
And the first horse at the wire is the horse that wins the race.

I often think it's pretty hard that things should be just so,
But you have to buy your ticket if you want to see the show.
It's the front of the procession where you always hear the band,
And the boy who gets hot peanuts is the first one at the stand.

So make your tablets ready and jot these maxims down:
It's the peasant does the hustling and the king that wears the crown.
The man who gets the fox's brush is the foremost in the chase,
And the first horse at the wire is the horse that wins the race.

"CASEY" ON OSCULATION.

Oh! kissing is nate, it is charming and swate.
Here's a hilth to the pair who invinted it;
Were they living to-day, I know they would say:
"We haven't, as yet, repinted it."

The charmin' young widdy, be she niver so stiddy,
Don't object to a kiss from the right one;
But sedate or frisky, like a glass of good whisky,
Man's guilty of threason if he slight one.

And many's the owld one, who's niver a cowld one,
Who for one in return gives you plinty;
Her head may be gray for many a day,
But her hairt's niver owlder than twinty.

The lovely young maid, who is timid, afraid,
Should your airm gintly thry to enfowld her—
Be gintlemanly, dacent, she'll grow quite complacent,
And want you the tighter to hold her.

Woman; och hone! I wape whin alone,
Whin I think of that wurruld in the distance;
Whin you stritch out your airms and they gaze
on your charms,
Will the angels dare offer resistance!

SIXTEEN YEARS AFTER.

Knock and the world knocks with you,
Boast and you boast alone.
The bad old earth is a foe to mirth,
And has a hammer as large as your own.
Buy and the gang will answer,
Sponge and they stand and sneer;
The revelers joined to a joyous sound
And shout from refusing beer.
Be rich and the men will seek you,
Poor, and they turn and go—
You're a mighty good fellow when you are mellow
And your pockets are lined with dough.
Be flush and your friends are many,
Go broke and you lose them all.
You're a dandy old sport at $4.00 a quart—
But not if you chance to fall.
Praise and the cheers are many,
Beef and the world goes by.
Be smooth and slick and the gang will stick,
As close as the hungry fly.
There is always a crowd to help you
A copious draught to drain.
When the gang is gone you must bear alone,
The harrowing stroke of pain.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

The borrower must return this item on or before the last date stamped below. If another user places a recall for this item, the borrower will be notified of the need for an earlier return.

Non-receipt of overdue notices does ***not*** *exempt the borrower from overdue fines.*

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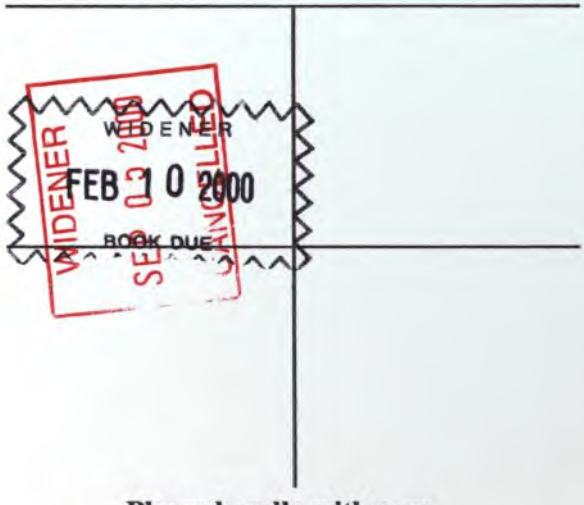
Cambridge, MA 02138 617-495-2413



Please handle with care.
Thank you for helping to pre rve
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